

# Hymns

USED BY THE PUPILS

OF THE

## SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

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*Revised and Enlarged Edition*

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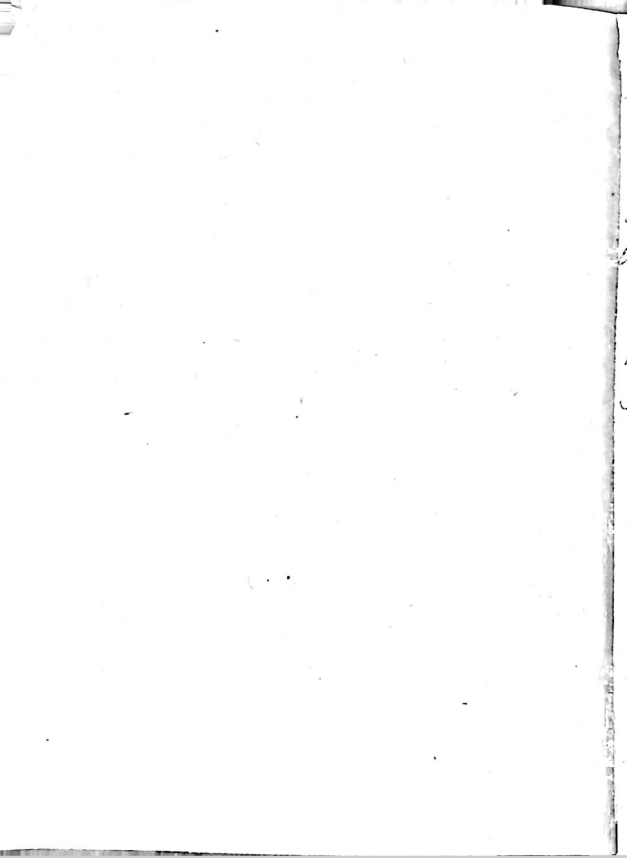
ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS

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ST MARTIN'S RECTORY 24



5th - BOYS



Lord bless us all before  
we go.

From this <sup>thy</sup> holy place.

May all our lives be sanctified  
And hallowed by thy grace  
And may the Holy Sacrifice,  
Now offered up to Thee,  
Bring greater glory to thy name  
Thro' all eternity.

*Nihil obstat:*

PATRICK J. WATERS, PH. D.,

*Censor Librorum*

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†WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

*Archbishop of Boston*

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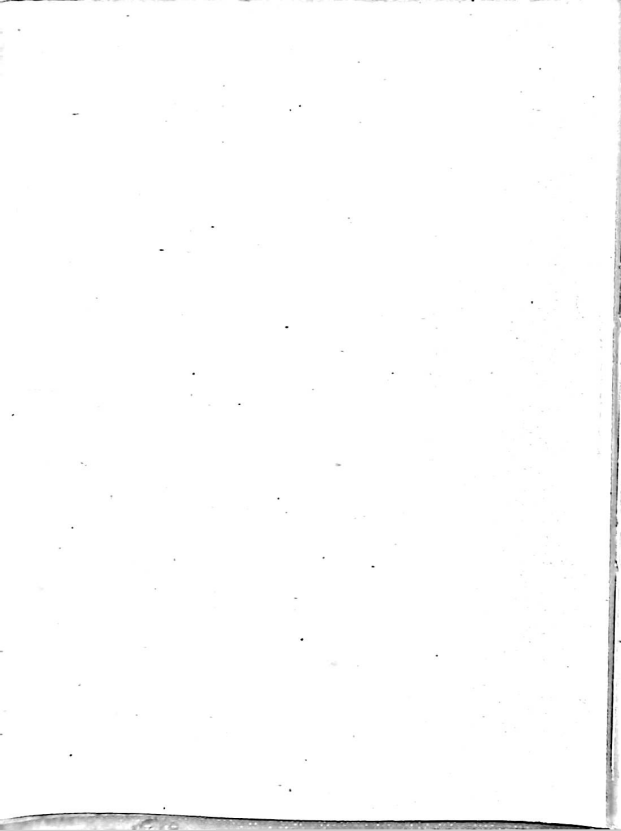
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1920

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# HYMNS

## 1 ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

Alma, Alma, Alma,  
Redemptoris Mater quae pervia  
coeli.  
Porta manes et stella maris succure  
cadenti.

*Chorus.*

Porta manes et stella maris, succure  
cadenti.

Surgere qui curat populo tu quae  
genuisti,  
Natura mirante Tuum sanctum  
Genitorem.  
Tuum sanctum Genitorem.

*Chorus.*

Tuum sanctum Genitorem, Tuum  
sanctum Genitorem.

Virgo prius ac posterius,  
Gabrielis ab ore Sumens illud ave  
Peccatorum miserere, Peccatorum  
miserere.

*Chorus.*

Peccatorum miserere, Peccatorum  
miserere.

## 2. EXPECTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Like the dawning of the morning,  
On the mountain's golden heights  
Like the breaking of the moon-  
beams,

On the gloom of cloudy nights,  
Like the secret told by Angels,  
Getting known upon the earth,  
Is the Mother's expectation,  
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,  
With the very bliss of Heaven,  
Since the Angel's salutation,  
In thy raptured ear was given,  
Since the Ave of that midnight,  
When thou wast anointed Queen,  
Like a river, overflowing  
Hath the grace within thee been.

And what wonders have been in  
thee

All the day and all the night,  
While the angels fell before thee,  
To adore the Light of Light;  
While the glory of the Father  
Hath been in thee as a home,  
And the sceptre of creation  
Had been wielded in thy womb.

Thou hast waited, Child of David!  
And thy waiting now is o'er!

Thou hast seen Him, Blessed  
Mother!

And wilt see Him evermore!  
Oh! His human Face and Features,  
They were passing sweet to see;  
Thou beholdest them this moment;  
Mother, show them now to me.

### 3. COME, O DIVINE MESSIAH.

Come, O Divine Messiah,  
The world in silence waits the day  
When hope shall sing its triumph,  
And sadness flee away.  
Sweet Savior, haste! come, come to  
earth,  
Dispel the night and show Thy face,  
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

Come, O Divine Messiah,  
The world in silence waits the day  
When hope shall sing of triumph,  
And sadness flee away.

Thou'lt come in peace and meek-  
ness,  
And lowly will Thy cradle be,  
All veiled in human weakness,  
Thy majesty we'll see.  
Sweet Savior, haste, come, come  
to Earth,  
Dispel the night, and show Thy face  
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

O, Thou whom nations sighed for,  
Whom seer and prophet long fore-  
told.

Wilt break the captive's fetters,  
Redeem the long lost fold.  
Sweet Savior, haste, come, come  
to Earth  
Dispel the night, and show Thy  
face,  
And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

### 4. CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour,  
And Thine Angels fill midnight  
with song.  
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!  
Whom Thy creatures have sighed  
for so long.  
Dear Mary's little Flower  
Blooming in earthly bower,  
God hardly born an hour,  
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!  
Hail Mary's Little One,  
Hail God's Eternal Son.  
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem. (Bis.)

Thou art come to Thy beautiful  
Mother;  
She had looked on Thy mar-  
vellous face;  
Thou art come to us, Maker of  
Mary!  
And she was thy channel of grace.  
*Chorus.*

Thou hast brought with Thee  
plentiful pardon,  
And our souls overflow with de-  
light;  
Our hearts are half broken, dear  
Jesus!  
With the joy of this wonderful  
night. *Chorus.*



We have waited so long for Thee,  
Saviour!

Art Thou come to us, dearest!  
at last?

Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy  
Mother!

'Tis worth all the wearisome  
past!  
*Chorus.*

Thou art come, Thou art come,  
Child of Mary!

Yet we hardly believe thou art  
come:—

It seems such a wonder to have Thee  
New Brother! with us in our  
home.  
*Chorus.*

Thou wilt stay with us, Master  
and Maker!

Thou wilt stay with us, now ever-  
more

We will play with Thee, beautiful  
Brother

On eternity's jubilant shore.  
*Chorus.*

## 5. DEAR LITTLE ONE.

*Chorus.*

Dear little one, how sweet Thou art,  
Thine eyes how bright they shine,  
So bright, they almost seem to  
speak,

When Mary's look meets Thine.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,  
Like plaint of harmless dove,

When Thou dost murmur in Thy  
sleep  
Of sorrow and of love!

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou  
sleep'st,

Thou wakest when she calls,  
Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of babes! with what a  
grace

Thou dost Thy Mother's will!  
Thine infant fashions well betray  
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms  
And smooths Thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st  
to be,

A thing of smiles and tears;  
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and  
earth,  
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands  
That play with Mary's hair,  
The weight of all the mighty world  
This very moment bear.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very  
God?

Oh, I must love Thee then,  
Love Thee, and yearn to spread  
Thy love  
Among forgetful men.

**6. WHILE SHEPHERDS  
WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY  
NIGHT.**

While shepherds watched their  
flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty  
dread

Had seized their troubled mind,  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign.  
The Heav'nly Babe you there shall  
find,

To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forth-  
with

Appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels praising God on high,  
And thus rang out their song:

"All glory to God on high!  
And to the Earth be peace!  
Good will henceforth from Heaven  
to men,  
Begin and never cease."

**7. WITH GLORY LIT.**

With glory lit, the midnight air  
Revealed bright angels hov'ring  
there:

In fear beheld the raptured swains  
When rose the heaven inspired  
strains.

*Chorus.*

"Glory, glory glory to God, and  
peace to earth, and peace to  
earth.

Made glorious by the Saviour's  
birth, by the Saviour's birth."

Then sweetly spoke the angelic  
voice,

"Fear not; let heaven and earth  
rejoice:

The child in Bethlehem's crib that  
lies;

Is God descended from the skies."  
Glory to God, &c.

The choirs of Heaven still bless  
the morn,

When God through love for man  
was born:

That God we humbly bow before,  
And praise with angels and adore.  
Glory to God, &c.

**8. COMMUNION HYMN FOR  
CHRISTMAS.**

Sweet Babe, reposing in my heart,  
O make me burn for Thee;  
And never from my soul depart,  
But stay, O stay with me.

Filled with thy holy presence now,  
I care no more for earth;  
Nor can my soul a thought allow,  
But of thy sacred birth.

O! keep us from all wilful sin—  
Protect us from our foe;  
And ever dwell, sweet Babe, within  
Our hearts, through life below.

O! cause us now, our infant King,  
To live for Thee alone;  
And make the buds of virtue spring  
From seeds which Thou hast sown.

We promise ne'er again to swerve,  
Dear infant King, from Thee;  
Ah, no! but faithfully we'll serve  
Our God of charity.

Now seal, sweet Babe, the contract  
made  
Between our souls and Thee;  
O! never may thy frowns upbraid  
Our want of constancy.

## 9. THE MESSENGER ANGEL.

The Messenger Angel, descending  
at night,  
Chased silence and shadow with  
music and light;  
The shepherds of Bethlehem heard  
on the plain  
The Messenger Angel, and this was  
his strain,—  
May peace be to mortals and glory  
to Heaven;  
The Promised of old to mankind  
has been given;  
Rejoice at the splendors that herald  
His birth  
The Saviour, the Saviour has come  
upon earth!

The fields are adorned with the  
verdure of May,  
And Winter's chill bosom with  
roses is gay,  
The winds that made war on the  
face of the deep,  
Have sought their dark caverns and  
lain down to sleep;  
'Mid nature's glad triumphs, rise,  
mortals, arise,  
The mystery viewing with holy  
surprise,  
Rejoice at the glory that heralds  
His birth,  
The Saviour, the Saviour has come  
upon earth!

Yet chanted the Seraph, when  
rapturous strains  
From thousands of angels awakened  
the plains;  
Ethereal splendor encircled the  
throne  
That caught up his theme, and re-  
echoed his song.  
The burden was swelled by each  
heavenly voice,  
The Expected has come, happy  
mortals, rejoice;  
Rejoice at the glories that herald  
His birth,  
The Saviour, the Saviour has come  
upon earth!

## 10. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hark to the soft, sweet melody  
Borne on the midnight air;  
Glad tidings of salvation  
From Heaven to earth they bear.

Rich "Glorias" are swelling  
Beneath the heavenly dome,  
In rapturous notes they're telling  
An Infant Saviour born!

Thrice-favored, happy shepherds,  
Who heard that heavenly song,  
And gazed in thrilling transports  
Upon the angel throng!

But, ah! the grace of graces  
Was yours,—to gaze on Him,  
Before whom saints' and angels'  
Bright radiance grows dim.

And thou, sweet blissful Mother,  
What joy could be like thine?  
And is it not each year renewed  
At this sweet Christmas time?

Oh, come to us, sweet Saviour,  
And in our hearts be born;  
Oh, come, Divine Messiah,  
This holy Christmas morn!

## 11 HAIL! LOVELIEST CHILD.

Hail! loveliest child, in Bethlehem  
born  
Long ago, one Christmas morn  
How I love on Thy face to gaze,  
And with angel choirs to sing Thy  
praise.

*Chorus.*

Beautiful child! fairest of earth!  
We joyously hail  
Thy holy and long-promised  
birth.

How very kind Thy heart must be,

To make Thee come one earth for  
me;  
I wish that my heart were free from  
sin,  
And full of love to the very brim.

Then I'd gladly come to Thy  
little grot,  
That I might pray near that holy  
spot,  
For I know Thou lov'st good chil-  
dren much,  
Since Thy beautiful heaven was  
made for such.

When from Thy crib I must de-  
part,  
I'll leave with Thee my loving  
heart;  
Sweet little Babe! beautiful child!  
Ah! keep it and make it resemble  
Thine.

## 12. TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Dearest little infant Jesus,  
How we love your birthday  
bright;  
Had you never come among us,  
Filling earth with joy and heav-  
enly light,  
We'd not be so gay and happy  
As we are this lovely day,  
For our hearts are full of sunshine  
While we sing our childish lay.

*Chorus.*

Little Jesus! how we love you;  
Oh! will you take our hearts to-  
day,  
They are all we have to give you,

Keep them, sweet Infant, in  
your heart, we pray.

When bright angels news were  
bringing

Of your birth in Bethlehem,  
And, with happy voices, singing  
"Peace on earth to all good  
men!"

Had we but the wings of angels,  
Through the bright and starry  
sky

To that poor and lowly manger,  
Ah, how quickly would we fly!

For we know you are our Saviour,  
Hidden though 'neath infant  
form,

And you bring us heavenly fa-  
vors,

'Tis for us on earth you're born,  
Many, many are the blessings

You from your little crib bestow,  
We ask but one, sweet little Jesus,  
Pure hearts, until to heaven we  
go.

### 13. FOR CHRISTMAS.

Listen to the notes of gladness,  
Gloria! gloria!

Chasing from the death all sadness,  
Gloria! gloria!

Hark! the angel voices singing,  
Ne'er was heard a strain so  
sweet,

Freshest verdure, too, is springing  
'Neath the happy shepherds'  
feet

Gloria! gloria! in excelsis Deo.

'Mid the heavenly anthems peal-  
ing,—

Gloria! gloria!

Oh! what joy for us is beaming,—

Gloria! gloria!

The long-desired at length at-  
tending

To His children's ardent cry,  
From His glorious throne de-  
scending,

Brings salvation from on high.

Gloria! gloria! in excelsis Deo!

### 14. SWEET, HOLY CHILD.

Jesus, teach me how to pray,  
Suffer not my thoughts to stray  
Send distractions far away,  
Sweet holy Child.

Let me not be rude or wild,  
Make me humble, meek and mild,  
Pure as angels undefiled,  
Sweet holy Child.

When I work or when I play,  
Be Thou with me through the day.  
Teach me what to do or say,  
Sweet holy Child.

Make me love Thy mother blest.  
Safe beneath her care to rest,  
As a bird within its nest,  
Sweet holy Child.

When the hour of death is nigh,  
Then may Mary standing by  
Take me in her arms to die,  
Sweet holy Child.

So through all eternity,  
Will I bless their charity,  
Who first led my steps to Thee,  
Sweet holy Child.

### 15. WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN THIS BE!

What lovely Infant can this be,  
That in the little crib I see?  
So sweetly on the straw it lies,  
||:It must come from Paradise.:||

Who is that Lady kneeling by,  
And gazing on so tenderly?  
Oh! that is Mary, ever blest,  
||:How full of joy her holy breast.:||

What man is that who seems to  
smile,  
And look so blissful all the while?  
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true,  
||:The Infant makes him happy  
too.:||

What makes the crib so bright and  
clear?  
What voices sing so sweetly here?  
Ah! see behind the window-pane,  
||The little angels looking in.:||

Who are those people kneeling  
down,  
With crooked sticks and hands  
so brown?  
The Shepherds from the moun-  
tain top,  
||:The little angels woke them up.:||

The ox and ass how still and mild  
They stand beside the Holy Child,  
The little body underneath,  
||:They warm so kindly with their  
breath.:||

Hail! holy cave! though dark  
thou be,  
The world is lighted up from  
thee,  
Hail, Holy Babe! Creation stands,  
||:And moves upon Thy little  
hands.:||

### 16. OH! SING A JOYOUS CAROL.

Oh! sing a joyous carol  
Unto the Holy Child,  
And praise with gladsome voices  
His Mother undefiled.  
Our youthful voices greeting  
Shall hail our Infant King,  
And our sweet Lady listens  
When children's voices sing.

Who is there meekly lying  
In yonder stable poor?  
Dear children, it is Jesus:  
He bids you now adore.  
Who is there kneeling by Him,  
In virgin beauty fair?  
It is our Mother, Mary,  
She bids you all draw near.

Who is there near the manger  
That guards the Holy Child?  
It is the great Saint Joseph,  
Chaste Spouse of Mary mild.



Dear children, oh! how joyful  
With them in heaven to be!  
God grant that none be missing  
From that festivity.

### 17. SILENT NIGHT.

Silent night, sacred night,  
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light  
Floats around the holy place,  
Songs of angels fill the air,  
Strains of heavenly peace,  
Strains of heavenly peace.

Silent night, sacred night,  
Shepherds first see the light,  
Hear the Alleluias ring,  
Which the angel-chorus sing;  
Christ the Saviour has come,  
Christ the Saviour has come.

Silent night, sacred night,  
Son of God! oh, what light  
Radiates from thy manger-bed  
Over realms with darkness spread,  
Thou in Bethlehem born,  
Thou in Bethlehem born.

### 18. VENITE.

We sing with the angels  
The glad Christmas song,  
They sang in the midnight  
When Jesus was born.

#### *Chorus*

Venite, venite in Bethlehem,  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

The beautiful angels  
Came down on that night,  
And made thro' the darkness  
A pathway of light. *Chorus.*

They worshipped around Him  
A radiant throng,  
And sang as they worshipped  
The beautiful song. *Chorus.*

They sought for the poorest  
Of outcasts on earth,  
And found little Jesus  
The night of his birth. *Cho.*

The night learned the sweet song,  
And sings it for aye,  
Yet sings it more sweetly  
When Christmas is nigh. *Cho.*

### 19. APPARUIT.

Resonet in laudibus Cum jucun-  
dis plausibus  
Sion cum fidelibus:

*Chorus.* Apparuit, apparuit quem  
genuit Maria.

Pueri concinite, Nato Regi psallite,  
Voce pia dicite: Apparuit.

Sion lauda Dominum, Salvatorem  
hominum,  
Lavatorum criminum: Apparuit.

Qui regnat in aethere, Venit ovem  
quae-rere  
Nullum volens perdere: Appa-  
ruit.

Ergo nostra concio, De hoc tanto gaudio,  
Benedicat Domino: Apparuit.

Deo Patri gloria, Natoque victoria,  
Laus Sancto Paracleto: Apparuit.

## 20. JESU REDEMPTOR

Jesu, Redemptor omnium  
Quem lucis ante originem,  
Parem paternae gloriae  
Pater supremus edidit.

Venite adoremus,  
Venite in Bethlehem.

Tu, lumen et splendor Patris  
Tu, spes perennis omnium  
Intende quas fundunt preces  
Tui per orbem servuli.

Memento rerum Conditor  
Nostri quod olim corporis  
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis  
Nascendo formam sumpseris.

Testatur hoc praesens dies,  
Currrens per anni circulum,  
Quod solus e sinu Patris  
Mundi salus adveneris.

Et nos, beata quos sacri  
Rigavit unda sanguinis,  
Natalis ob diem tui,  
Hymni tributum solvimus.

Jesu tibi sit gloria  
Qui natus es de Virgine  
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu  
In sempiterna saecula.

## 21. ADESTE FIDELES.

Adeste fideles, Laeti triumphantes;  
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem;  
Natum videte  
Regem angelorum:  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus,  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de Lumine,  
Gestant puellae viscera;;  
Deum verum,  
Genitum, non factum:  
Venite adoremus, etc.

Cantet nunc Io!  
Chorus Angelorum,  
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,  
:Gloria: in excelsis Deo:  
Venite adoremus, etc.

Ergo qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu Tibi sit gloria:  
Patris aeternae  
Verbum caro factum.  
Venite adoremus, etc.

## 22. LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

'Twas when the world was waxing  
old,  
And night on Bethlehem lay;  
The Angels saw the heav'ns unfold  
A light beyond the day;  
Such Glory ne'er had visited

A world with sin outworn,  
But yet more glorious Light is shed  
On happy Christmas morn.  
Awake, awake creation,  
Arise for Light is come,  
Lo! earth is chang'd to heaven,  
For earth is Jesus' home.

Those shepherds poor, how blest  
were they,  
The angel's song to hear;  
In manger cradle as He lay,  
To greet their Lord so dear,  
The Lord of Heav'n's eternal  
height,  
For us a child was born,  
And He the very Light of Light,  
Shone forth that Christmas morn.  
Awake, awake, etc.

See Jesus in the manger,  
How still and meek He lies;  
Now smiles play on His features,  
Now tears are in His eyes:  
Oh! bless us, new-born Saviour,  
While Thee we now adore,  
And grant us grace to serve Thee  
With love forevermore.  
Awake, awake, etc.

### 23. THE LITTLE BABE.

He came from His high throne  
to Bethlehem, a stranger,  
He had no house or home, His  
bed was a manger;  
Ah! pity, adore, and proclaim  
the poor Stranger,  
And love the little Babe that  
was born in a manger.

### CHORUS

The little Babe, the little babe  
that was born in a manger,  
And love the little Babe that  
was born in a manger.

He has pardons and graces for  
those who'll come choose them,  
But ah! it is sad to think that  
many refuse them;  
But come you and seek them,  
and promise ne'er to lose them,  
And love the little Babe that  
was born in a manger,  
The little Babe, etc.

He's on a bed of straw, the beasts  
are around him,  
Yet by a brilliant star the sages  
have found Him  
They pity, they know, and adore  
the poor stranger,  
And love the little Babe that  
was laid in a manger.  
The little Babe, etc.

Now tell me who is He, the won-  
derful stranger,  
And from whence can He be that  
lies in a manger;  
Do tell me, Oh! tell me, about the  
poor stranger.  
And who's the little Babe that  
lies in a manger?  
The little Babe, etc.

He is the Prince of Peace, the  
Prophets foretold Him.  
In Bethlehem of Juda, they said  
we'd behold Him.

Your Saviour, your king, Oh! won't  
you now own Him,  
And love the little Babe, the  
sweet hope of Sion?  
The little Babe, etc.

## 24. SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

See amid the winter's snow,  
Born for us on earth below,  
See the tender Lamb appears,  
Promised from eternal years.

### CHORUS

Gloria in excelsis Deo, Gloria in  
excelsis Deo.

Lo! within a manger lies,  
He who built the starry skies;  
He who throned on height sub-  
lime,  
Sits amid the Cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,  
What's your joyful news to-day?  
Wherefore have ye left your  
sheep  
On the lonely mountain steep?

"As we watched at dead of night,  
Lo! we saw a wondrous light;  
Angels singing 'Peace on earth,'  
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant! all divine!  
What a tender love was Thine!  
Thus to come from highest bliss,  
Down to such a world as this!

Teach, Oh teach us, Holy Child!  
By Thy face so meek and mild!

Teach us to resemble Thee  
In Thy sweet humility.

## 25. O HOLY NIGHT.

O holy night! the stars are bright-  
ly shining,

It is the night of the dear  
Saviour's birth;

Long lay the world in sin and error  
pining,

Till He appear'd and the soul  
felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary world  
rejoices,

For yonder breaks a new and  
glorious morn.

Fall on your knees! O hear the  
angel voices!

O night divine, O night when  
Christ was born!

O night divine! O night, O night  
divine!

### Chorus

Fall on your knees! O hear the  
angel voices!

O night divine! O night when  
Christ was born!

O night divine! O night, O night  
divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely  
beaming,

With glowing hearts by His  
cradle we stand;

So led by light of a star sweetly  
gleaming,

Here came the wise men from the  
Orient land.

The King of Kings lay thus in  
lowly manger,

In all our trials born to be our  
friend;

He knows our need, to our weak-  
ness no stranger,

Behold your King! before Him  
lowly bend;

Behold your King! your King!  
before Him bend.

#### CHORUS

Truly He taught us to love one  
another,

His law is Love and His gospel  
is Peace;

Chains shall He break, for the  
slave is our brother,

And in His name all oppression  
shall cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful  
chorus raise we;

Let all within us praise His Holy  
name;

Christ is the Lord! O then ever  
praise we,

His pow'r and glory evermore  
proclaim.

His glory, His glory evermore pro-  
claim.

#### CHORUS

#### 26. A SOLIS.

A solis ortus cardine,  
Ad usque terrae limitem,

A solis ortus cardine.  
Ad usque terrae limitem.

Christum canamus principem  
Natum Maria Virgine.

Christum canamus principem  
Natum Maria Virgine.

#### CHORUS

Venite, Venite, Venite in Beth-  
lehem.

Venite adoremus, venite in Beth-  
lehem,

Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

Beatus auctor saeculi,  
Servile corpus induit

Beatus auctor saeculi,  
Servile corpus induit

Ut carne carnem liberans,  
Ne perderet quos condidit

Ut carne carnem liberans  
Ne perderet quos condidit.

#### CHORUS....

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,

Qui natus es de Virgine,

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,

Qui natus es de Virgine

Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,

In sempiterna saecula,

Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,

In sempiterna saecula.

#### CHORUS. . .

#### 27. PARVULUS.

Parvulus Filius hodie natus est  
nobis,

Parvulus Filius hodie natus est  
nobis,

Hodie, hodie, hodie natus est  
nobis.

Hodie, hodie, hodie natus est nobis,  
Venite, venite, venite adoremus,

Venite, venite adoremus.  
Gloria, Gloria, In excelsis Deo,  
Deo gloria.  
In excelsis Deo, Deo gloria.

## 28. HYMN TO THE CHILD JESUS.

Little King, so fair and sweet,  
See us gathered round Thy Feet,  
Be Thou Monarch of our School;  
It shall prosper 'neath Thy rule.  
We will be Thy subjects true,  
Brave to suffer, brave to do.  
All our hearts to thee we bring,  
Take them, keep them, little King.

Raise Thy little Hand to bless  
All our childhood's happiness;  
Bless our sorrow and our pain,  
That each cross may be our gain,  
By Thine own sweet childhood,  
Lord,  
Sanctify each thought and word,  
Set Thy seal on everything  
Which we do, O little King.

Be our teacher when we learn,  
All the hard to easy turn;  
Be our Playmate when we play,  
So we shall indeed be gay.  
Keep us happy, keep us pure,  
While our childhood shall endure,  
All its days to Thee we bring,  
Bless them, guard them, little  
King.

Be our leader in the fight,  
In the darkness be our light,  
O'er the rough, and o'er the smooth,  
Safely guide our wayward youth.

Whereso'er our path may be,  
We will try to follow Thee,  
To Thy mantle we will cling,  
Help us, save us, little King.

## 29. WE THREE KINGS.

We three kings from Orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar;  
Field and fountain,  
Grove and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

### CHORUS

O star of wonder, star of light,  
Star of royal beauty bright,  
Ever leading,  
Still proceeding  
Guide us to that perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again;  
King forever,  
Ceasing never.  
Over us all to reign. CHORUS.

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense breathes a Deity nigh;  
Prayer and praising,  
All men raising,  
Worship Him, God on high.

### CHORUS

Myrrh I bring, its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom  
Sorrowing, sighing,  
Bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

### CHORUS



### 30. LITTLE KING.

All the world is in Thy hand,  
Little King! Little King!  
All the stores of sea and land,  
Little King! Little King!  
All the treasures of the main,  
All the wealth of hill and plain,  
Shall we sue for help in vain?  
Little King! Little King!

All the world is in thy hand,  
Little King! Little King!  
Only whisper Thy command,  
Little King! Little King!  
And Thy angel hosts will speed  
Answering every urgent need,  
That a human heart can plead,  
Little King! Little King!

Reaching out imploring palms,  
Little King! Little King!  
Lo! we come to Thee for alms,  
Little King! Little King!  
Lowly mendicants we wait,  
At Thy mercy's golden gate,  
We, so little, Thou, so great,  
Little King! Little King!

All we ask is in Thy hand,  
Little King! Little King!  
And Thy heart can understand,  
Little King! Little King!  
All the wishes unexpressed,  
The heart's need of peace and rest,  
But Thy will is always best,  
Little King! Little King!

Raise Thy hand divine to bless,  
Little King! Little King!

All our efforts with success,  
Little King! Little King!  
Lead us through Thy Love's  
sweet ways,  
Bless the Burden of our days,  
Thine the glory, thanks and praise,  
Little King! Little King!

### 31. ROSE OF THE CROSS.

Rose of the cross, thou mystic  
flow'r,  
I lift my heart to thee,  
In every melancholy hour,  
O Mary, remember me!

In every melancholy hour,  
O Mary, O Mary, remember  
me.

Let me but stand where thou hast  
stood,  
Beside the crimson tree;  
And by the Water and the blood,  
O Mary, remember me!

There let me wash my sinful soul  
And be from sin set free:  
Drawn by thy love, by grace made  
whole,  
O Mary, remember me.

Rose of the Cross! thou thorn-  
less Flower,  
May I thy follower be?  
And when temptation wields its  
power,  
O Mary, remember me!

And when I've gone life's weary  
way,

And earth's no more for me;  
Oh! then sweet Mother by me  
stay;  
O Mary, remember me.

### 32. LITANY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS.

By the Blood that flowed from  
Thee,  
In Thy bitter agony,  
By the scourge so meekly borne,  
By Thy purple robe of scorn,—

#### *Chorus.*

Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry,  
Thou wert suffering once as  
we,  
Hear the loving Litany,  
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

By the Thorns that crown'd Thy  
head,  
By Thy sceptre of a reed,  
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,  
Weighs beneath Thy cross of  
woe,—

By the nails and pointed spear,  
By Thy peoples' cruel jeer,  
By Thy dying prayer which rose  
Begging mercy for Thy foes,—

By the darkness thick as night,  
Blotting out the sun from sight;  
By the cry with which in death  
Thou didst yield Thy parting  
breath,—

By Thy weeping mother's woe,  
By the sword that pierced her  
through,  
When in anguish standing by,  
On the cross she saw Thee die.

### 33. JESUS DEAR, 'TIS PASSION TIDE.

Jesus dear, 'tis Passion-tide,  
And everything seems so sad and  
drear;  
They tell me this is the holy time  
When Thou didst die for love of me.

That first Thy tender limbs were  
scourged,  
Then crowned with thorns Thy  
lovely head,  
Thy feet and hands nailed to the  
cross,  
Where Thou didst hang till life  
had fled.

#### *Chorus.*

Sweet suffering Lord, I'm but a  
child.

Yet ah! they tell me that my sins  
Have nailed Thee to that pain-  
ful cross;

Ah! Jesus, all my sins forgive.

How grieved Thy sweet mother  
must be,  
To see Thee suffering so much,  
and die;

Oh! were I there I'd wipe her tears,  
And to console her I would try.

Keep me, sweet Jesus, from every  
sin.

In suffering make me think of  
Thee,  
And ah! my heart with love in-  
flame,  
For Thee, who died for love of  
me.

#### 34. HYMN TO THE SACRED FACE.

Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my  
God!

Long sorrow, told by tears,  
A wreath of torture crowns at  
last

The agony of years.  
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty  
fled,

Thy tender, touching grace  
Beams on us now no longer here,  
O Sacred, Suffering Face!

Grief on Thy Sacred Face, my  
God!

The anguish that shall win  
Hope for the desolate, with peace  
And pardon for the sin,  
The sin whose deadly hands have  
laid

So deep, so sad a trace  
On Brow, and Lips, and weeping  
Eyes,  
O Sacred, Suffering Face!

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my  
God!

The love that liveth on  
Though light, and loveliness, and  
joy,

To sight of earth are gone;  
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,

And folds in Thine embrace  
The children of Thy tears My  
God!

O Sacred, Suffering Face!

We pray Thee for Thy straying  
sheep,

We pray Thee for the eyes,  
The lips, the hearts, that always  
bid

Thine own hot teardrops rise;  
We pray Thee for this world of  
Thine,

Its wandering, wilful race.  
Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy  
Shrine,

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God;  
Bow down Thy weary Head,  
Over the souls that prostrate lie  
Thy precious blood be shed.  
O royal flood, O golden flood  
Of faith, of hope, of grace,  
Bless Thou the hearts and eyes  
that seek

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

#### 35. VISION OF THE WOUNDS.

Two hands have haunted me for  
days,

Two hands of slender shape;  
All crush'd and torn as in the  
press

Is bruised the purple grape.  
At work or meals, at pray'r or  
play,

Those mangled Palms I see,  
And a plaintive voice keeps whis-  
pering

"These Hands were pierc'd for  
thee,"  
For me, Sweet Lord! for me?  
"Yea even so, ungrateful child,  
These Hands were pierc'd for  
thee."

Through toil and dangers press-  
ing on,

As through a fiery flood;  
Two slender Feet besides mine  
own

Mark every step with blood.  
The swollen veins so rent with  
nails,

It breaks my heart to see.  
While the same sad voice cries  
our afresh

"These Feet were pierced for  
thee."

For me dear Christ! for me?  
"Yea, even so, rebellious soul  
These Feet were pierced for  
thee."

As on they journey to the close,  
These wounded Feet and mine;  
Distincter still the vision grows,  
And more and more divine.

For in my Guide's wide open  
side,

The riven Heart I see,  
And a tender voice sobs like a  
psalm

"This heart was pierced for  
thee."

For me, great God! for me?  
"Yea enter in my love, my lamb!  
This Heart was pierced for thee."

### 36. JESUS OUR LOVE IS CRUCIFIED.

Oh! come and mourn with me  
awhile,

See Mary calls us to her side;  
Oh! come and let us mourn with  
her,

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

#### *Chorus.*

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him  
While soldiers scoff and Jews  
deride?

Ah! look how patiently He hangs;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times he spoke, seven words  
of love,

And all three hours His silence  
cried

For mercy on the souls of men.  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Death came and Jesus meekly  
bowed;

His failing eyes he strove to  
guide

With mindful love to Mary's  
face;

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath  
the Cross,

And let the blood from out  
that side

Fall gently on thee drop by drop;—  
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

O Love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength  
is tried

And victory remains with Love,  
For he, our Love, is crucified.

### 37. STABAT MATER.

Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,  
Pia Mater dum videbat,  
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,  
Christi Matre contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,  
Tam dignati pro me pati,  
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,  
Crucifixo condolere,  
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
Et me tibi sociare  
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,  
Mihi jam non sis amara,  
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem  
Passionis fac consortem,  
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
Fac me cruce inebriari,  
Et cruore Filii.

Inflammatum, et accensum,  
Per te, Virgo, sum defensum  
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,

Morte Christi paemuniri,  
Confoveri gratia.

Christi, cum sit hinc exire,  
Da per Matrem me venire,  
Ad palman victoriae.

Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animae donetur,  
Paradisi gloria.—Amen.

38. HE IS RISEN.

He is risen! He is risen!  
Chants the Angel at the tomb,  
Death no longer has dominion;  
Light has broken thro' the gloom.  
Alleluia, alleluia, Lo! the stone is  
rolled away,  
Alleluia, alleluia, Heav'n opens  
wide today.

He is risen! He is risen!  
They who love Him seek in vain  
Empty is the rock-bound prison,  
Christ begins His Kingly reign.  
Alleluia, alleluia, list to what the  
angels say,  
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen  
today.

He is risen! He is risen!  
Heaven's hosts in glory sing,  
Death, thou art no longer victor,  
Grave, where is thy boasted sting?  
Alleluia, alleluia, glory to our  
risen King;  
Alleluia, alleluia, men and angels  
sing.

He is risen! He is risen!

Spread the tidings far and wide;  
He has left the grave triumphant,  
Now immortal, glorified.  
Alleluia, alleluia, hymns of praise  
we gladly sing,  
Alleluia, alleluia, glory to our  
King.

39. KING OF GLORY.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the  
sky.

*Chorus.*

Who is the King of glory? who?  
The Lord, that all his foes o'er-  
came:  
The world, sin, death, and hell  
o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror's  
name.

There his triumphant chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly  
gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal  
scene;  
He claims these mansions as his  
right;  
Receive the King of glory in.

Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,

And angels chant the solemn  
lay;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly  
gates;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose your bars of massy light.  
And wide unfold th' ethereal  
scene;  
He claims these mansions as his  
right;  
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory? who?  
The Lord of glorious power  
possessed;  
The King of saints and angels too;  
God over all, forever blest.

#### 40. RESURREXIT.

Resurrexi, resurrexi, resurrexi,  
Et ad huc tecum sum, Alleluia!  
Posuisti super me manum tuam  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Mirabilis facta est scientia tua  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Haec dies quam fecit Dominus,  
Exultemus et laetemur in ea.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus  
Quoniam in saeculum misericordia  
ejus.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

#### 41. THE DAWN WAS PURPLING O'ER THE SKY.

The dawn was purpling o'er the  
sky;  
With alleluias rang the air;

Earth held a glorious jubilee,  
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce de-  
spair,  
When our most valiant mighty  
King  
From death's abyss in dread  
array,  
Led the long-prisoned Fathers forth  
Into the beam of life and day.  
When He whom stone and seal  
and guard  
Had safely to the tomb consigned  
Triumphant rose, and buried death  
Deep in the cave He left behind.  
Calm all your grief, and still your  
tears,  
Hark! the descending angel cries,  
For Christ is risen from the dead  
And death is slain, no more to  
rise.

42.

#### EASTER HYMN.

Lo! the chains of death are broken;  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;  
Angels give the welcome token,  
See! the stone is rolled away!

#### *Refrain.*

Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Vict'ry marks its shining way!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-  
day.

See! the tomb no more can claim  
Him,  
Mary hears the Master's voice.  
Lord! indeed, we gladly name Him,  
All the Choirs of Heaven rejoice.

### 43. CHRIST IS RISEN.

Christ is risen from the dead,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Risen as He truly said;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
O praise the Lord with grateful  
voice,

Bless His Name, Rejoice, Rejoice,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia,  
Alleluia!

Angels clad in snowy white,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Coming from the realms of light,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
They bid us sing with grateful  
voice

Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice! Alle-  
luia, Alleluia!  
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia,  
Alleluia!

Man was but a slave before,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Man is free forevermore,  
Alleluia, Alleluia!  
Now Heaven and earth with  
grateful voice,  
Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice! Alle-  
luia, Alleluia!  
Resurrexit, sicut dixit Alleluia,  
Alleluia!

### 44. EASTER HYMN.

To-day He's risen, death no more  
Shall bind him to the grave;  
No more can hell or sin's fell pow'r

O'er him dominion have.  
He, liken'd to our sinful form,  
Once doom'd himself to die,  
That He by death, might death  
o'ercome,  
Its deadly sting destroy.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

O death! where's now thy mortal  
sting?  
Where's now thy victory?  
To-day his glorious praise we sing;  
Who triumph'd over thee.  
Not triumph'd for Himself alone;  
But, by his mighty pow'r,  
Taught us to triumph in our turn,  
Nor dread thy terrors more.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

For lo! the dread of death is sin,  
And never-ending woe;  
From thence it is our terrors  
spring  
From thence our evils flow.  
But now from sin and hell set  
free  
No longer death we'll fear;  
But, longing for eternity,  
Rejoice, when it draws near.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

I know that my Redeemer lives,  
And reigns above the skies;  
He will revive my dust again,  
And bid my body rise.  
Then cloth'd in my own glorious flesh  
I shall behold His face!  
That sweet hope in my bosom glows,  
And cheers my ling'ring days.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia



Ye angels now who watch around  
The Conqueror's heav'nly throne;  
Aid us to make the skies resound,  
The victory for us won.  
Aid us to sing his worthy praise,  
With one united heart;  
Aid us to walk in all his ways,  
'Till we from life depart.  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

#### 45. REGINA COELI. No. 2.

Regina coeli, Regina coeli laetare,  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.  
Quia quem meruisti portare,  
quem meruisti portare  
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Resurrexit  
sicut dixit.  
Ora, ora, ora pro nobis Deum.

#### 46. VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte coelitus  
Lucis tuae radium.  
Veni Pater pauperum,  
Veni dator munerum,  
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,  
Dulcis hospes animae,  
Dulce refrigerium.  
In labore requies.  
In aestu temperies,  
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,  
Reple cordis intima  
Tuorum fidelium.  
Sine tuo numine,

Nihil est in homine,  
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum  
Riga quod est aridum  
Sana quod est saucium.  
Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,  
In te confidentibus,  
Sacrum septenarium.  
Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum  
Da perenne gaudium.

#### 47. SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING.

See the Paraclete descending,  
Burning with celestial fire,  
Grace and truth on him attending,  
Men with heav'nly love inspire.

##### *Chorus.*

Let us, Alleluias singing,  
Offer him our grateful lays,  
He all heav'nly graces bringing,  
Merits everlasting praise.

Men in ev'ry danger fearing,  
Now the greatest danger's  
scorn:  
Midst of torments persevering,  
Show themselves in Christ  
new-born. *Cho.*

Source of love, our hearts in-  
flaming.  
With true zeal and virtue pure

Grant we may in heaven reigning,  
Sing Thy praise for evermore.  
*Cho.*

#### 48. HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

My God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always thine,—  
That I from thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,—  
Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own,—  
That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship at Thy throne!

May Thy dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,—  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work,  
and word  
To Thee be ever given,—  
Then life shall be Thy service,  
Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.

#### 49. HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON THY CHILDREN.

Holy Ghost, come down upon  
Thy children,  
Give us grace, and make us  
Thine;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit! Love Divine!

For all within us good and holy  
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift.

In all our joys, in all our sorrows,  
Wistful hearts to thee we lift.

For Thou to us art more than  
father,  
More than sister in Thy love.  
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,  
Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove.

O, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!  
Wayward, wanton, sold are we;  
And still our sins, new every  
morning  
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou  
waited,  
While our hearts were slowly  
turned!

How often hath Thy love been  
slighted,  
While for us it grieved and  
burned!

Now, if our hearts do not deceive  
us

We would take Thee for our  
Lord;  
O dearest Spirit! make us faith-  
ful  
To Thy least and lightest word.

Ah! Sweet Consoler, though we  
cannot  
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,  
Yet if Thou deign'st our hearts  
to kindle,  
They will not be always thus.

### 50. COME, HOLY GHOST.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
From Thy bright Heavenly  
throne;  
Come take possession of our  
souls,  
And make them all thine own.

Thou who art called the Para-  
clete,  
Best gift of God above:  
The Living Spring, the Living  
Fire  
Sweet Unction and True Love.

Thou who art sevenfold in Thy  
grace,  
Finger of God's right hand;  
His promise teaching little ones  
To speak and understand.

O! guide our minds with Thy  
blest light,  
With love our hearts inflame;  
And with Thy strength which  
ne'er decays,  
Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from us drive our hellish foe,  
True peace unto us bring;  
And through all our perils lead  
us safe,  
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through thee may we the Father  
know,  
Through Thee, the Eternal Son,  
And Thee, the Spirit of them both,  
Thrice blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,  
With His co-equal Son,  
The same to Thee, Great Para-  
clete,  
While endless ages run.

### 51. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come Holy Ghost, send down  
those beams  
Which sweetly flow in silent  
streams  
From Thy bright throne above.  
O come, thou Father of the poor,  
O come, thou Source of all our  
store  
Come, fill our hearts with love.

O Thou, of Comforters the best,  
O Thou, the soul's delightful  
guest,  
The Pilgrim's Sweet Relief.  
Thou art true rest in toil and  
sweat,  
Refreshment in excess of heat  
And solace in our grief.  
Thrice blessed Light, shoot home  
Thy darts,

And pierce the centres of those  
hearts,

Whose faith aspires to Thee;  
Without Thy Godhead nothing  
can

Have any price or worth in man,  
Nothing can harmless be.

Lord, wash our sinful stains away  
Water from Heaven our barren  
clay,

Our wounds and bruises heal;  
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks  
bow,

Warm with Thy fire our hearts of  
snow,  
Our wand'ring feet repeal.

Grant to Thy faithful, dearest  
Lord,

Whose only hope is Thy sure word,  
The seven gifts of the Spirit:  
Grant us in life Thy helping grace,  
Grant us at death to see Thy face,  
And endless joys inherit.

## 52. HYMN FOR PENTECOST.

Come Holy Spirit, Mighty God,  
The sanctifying Dove;

Come, fill us with thy heavenly  
grace  
Enkindle here thy love.

Come rest upon our sinful heads  
In tongues of heavenly fire,  
With thoughts of good, and hopes  
of life

Our frozen hearts inspire.

Third person of thy mystic Three

No intellect can reach,  
Author of language, source of  
Grace  
Fidelity now teach.

Teach us our duty to our God  
And to our brethren all,  
Imprint upon our hearts Thy seal  
Lest into sin we fall.

## 53. VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

Veni Creator Spiritus!  
Mentes tuorum visita;  
Imple superna gratia;  
Quae tu creasti pectora!

Qui diceris Paraclitus!  
Altissimi donum Dei;  
Fons vivus ignis charitas,  
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere!  
Digitus Paternae dexteræ;  
Tu rite promissum Patris;  
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus,  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius;  
Pacemque dones protinus;  
Ductore sic te praevio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Teque utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Et Filio, qui a mortuis  
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

#### 54. LONG LIVE THE POPE.

Long live the Pope!

His praises sound again and yet  
again;

His rule is over space and time;

His throne the hearts of men;

All hail! the Shepherd-King of  
Rome,

The theme of loving song:

Let all the earth his glory sing,

And heav'n the strain prolong,—

Let all the earth his glory sing,  
And heav'n the strain prolong,

Beleaguered by the foes of earth,  
Beset by hosts of Hell,

He guards the loyal flock of Christ,  
A watchful sentinel;

And yet, amid the din and strife,

The clash of mace and sword,

He bears alone the shepherd staff,

This champion of the Lord—

He bears alone the shepherd-staff,

This champion of the Lord.

His signet is the Fisherman's,

No sceptre does he bear;

In meek and lowly majesty

He rules from Peter's Chair;

And yet from ev'ry tribe and  
tongue,

From ev'ry clime and zone,

Three hundred-million voices sing,

The glory of his throne,—

Three hundred million voices sing,  
The glory of his throne.

Then raise the chant, with heart  
and voice,

In church and school and home:

"Long live the Shepherd of the  
Flock!

Long live the Pope of Rome!"

Almighty Father, bless his work,

Protect him in his ways.

Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes,

And grant him "length of days!"—

Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes,

And grant him "length of days."

#### 55. FULL IN THE PANTING HEART OF ROME

Full in the panting heart of Rome,  
Beneath the apostle's crowning  
dome,

From pilgrims' lips that kiss the  
ground,

Breathes in all tongues one only  
sound—

"God bless our Pope, the great,  
the good."

The golden roof, the marble walls,  
The Vatican's majestic halls,  
The note re-doubles, till it fills  
With echoes sweet, the seven hills.

Then surging through each hal-  
lowed gate,

Where martyrs glory in peace  
await,

It sweeps beyond the solemn plain  
Peals over Alps, across the main.

From torrid South to frozen North  
That wave harmonious stretches  
forth;  
Yet strikes no chord more true to  
Rome's.  
Than rings within our hearts and  
homes;

For, like the sparks of unseen fire  
That speak along the magic wire,  
From home to home, from heart to  
heart,  
These words of countless children  
dart.

#### 56. O LORD OF HOSTS.

O Lord of Hosts, be mindful of  
our pleading,

O let our prayer find favor in  
Thy sight;

Hark to Thy Church triumphant  
interceding,

Pity Thy Church, that groaneth  
in the fight.

O God of Truth! no battle-line can  
shake her,

Trusting in Thee, we shall not  
lose our hope;

Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt  
not forsake her?

Hear then our prayer for the  
Church and the Pope.

O Master dear, we sink, and Thou  
art sleeping;

Dark is the night—the waves  
our vessel fill—

Wake! Wake! O Lord, Thy Chil-  
dren here are weeping,

Speak to the wind and waters:

"Peace be still."

Let not men say Thy promises  
are failing;

Let them not boast Thy Church  
hath lost her hope,

Let them not deem the gates of  
Hell prevailing,

Hear Thou our prayer for the  
Church and the Pope.

Shepherd of Souls! the wolves are  
all around us;

Whisper again, O fear not, little  
flock.

Jesus our King! the enemy sur-  
round us;

Tell us Thy fortress stands upon  
a rock.

Show us Thine Angels camping  
round about us,

Strengthen our hearts in Faith  
and Love and Hope,

If Thou art with us, legions shall  
not rout us,

None shall prevail o'er the  
Church and the Pope.

One mighty voice from all the  
Church ascendeth,

"Pray for us sinners, holy Mary,  
now."

Lift up your eyes, for God His  
succour sendeth,

Mary hath placed her hand upon  
the prow.

Star of the Sea! the Church of  
Christ is calling,

Thou art her life, her sweetness,  
and her hope,

Pray for the souls that waver or are  
falling,

Pray for the Church an our  
Father the Pope.

## 57. HYMN TO THE POPE.

### MARCHE PONTIFICALE.

Viva, viva Pio, padre nostroe  
Papa! al nostro amore lo con-  
servili Cielo!

Viva, viva Pio, padre nostroe  
Pappa! lo conservi al nostro amorli  
Cielo!

Hail, hail loving Ruler! Hail to  
thee,

O gentle Father! "Love, glory  
and honor!"

Sing thy children in endless praise.

Hail, hail, loving Ruler!

Hail, thrice hail, gentle Father!

May the race of our Lord be  
with thee forever!

## 58. BEFORE COMMUNION.

Come! oh, come! my Jesus come,  
Make this poor sad heart Thy  
home!;

Come, but ere Thou come, pre-  
pare

For Thyself a dwelling there.

Come, no longer, Lord, delay,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

But can e'en Thy heart endure,  
One so selfish, mean, and poor;  
So ungrateful, Lord to Thee,

Who has shed Thy blood for me?

How can I dare thus to say,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

Leave me, Lord, depart, depart  
Come not near so vile a heart!  
No!—forgive this foolish cry,  
For without Thee, Lord, I die.

Pity me, turn not away,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

Veni, Jesu! come and see,  
How my soul both yearn for Thee,  
Come and place Thy heart as seal,  
On what'er I do or feel;

Come to me and with me stay

Mane mecum, Domine!

## 59. JESUS, THOU ART COM- ING.

*(Adoration and Faith.)*

Jesus; thou are coming,

Holy as thou art,

Thou, the God who made me,  
To my sinful heart.

Jesus! I believe it,

On Thy only word:

Kneeling, I adore Thee

As my King and Lord;

*(Humility and Sorrow.)*

Who am I my Jesus,

That Thou com'st to me?

I have sinned against Thee,

Often, grievously;

I am very sorry

I have caused Thee pain,

I will never, never,

Wound Thy Heart again.

(*Trust.*)

Put Thy kind arms round me,  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb;

Since Thou comest, Jesus,  
Now to be my guest,  
I can *trust* Thee always,  
Lord, for all the rest.

(*Love and Desire.*)

Dearest Lord, I *love* Thee,  
With my whole, whole heart,  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.

Come, Oh! come, sweet Saviour,  
Come to me, and stay,  
For I *want* Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

(*Offering and Petition.*)

Ah! what gift or present,  
Jesus, can I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my God and King;

But Thou art my Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb;  
Take *myself*, dear Jesus,  
All I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus,  
Eyes, and ears, and tongue;  
Never let them, Jesus,  
Help to do Thee wrong.

Take my heart, and fill it  
Full of love for Thee;  
All I have I give Thee,  
Give Thyself to me.

60. AH, WHENCE TO ME THE  
BLISS.

Ah, whence to me the bliss  
The joy, the heav'nly sweetness,  
That now in torrents pure  
My heart o'erflows,  
My soul, oh be thou silent,  
'Tis thy own sweet Jesus,  
Who comes to thee this morn',  
To be thy sweet repose.

*Chorus.*

Sweet Jesus, I adore Thee,  
Within my happy heart,  
To me, O Tender Jesus,  
Thy grace and love impart.

My King art Thou, sweet Lord,  
Though hidden be Thy splendor,  
Its radiance ever clear,  
In bliss doth shine.  
And lowly 'mid its brightness  
Trembling here before Thee,  
I kneel and humbly beg,  
To taste the sacred streams.

When death in terror comes,  
And folds me in its darkness,  
When earth and friends depart  
Wilt Thou be near?  
Ah then, in Thy compassion,  
Turn Thine eyes upon me,  
And bid me come to Thee,  
Then call, then let me hear.



**61. MY GOD, MY LIFE.**

My God, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call:  
O come to me from heaven above  
And be my God, my all.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord,  
Concealed in human food;  
My senses fail; but in Thy word  
I trust, and find my God.

O, when wilt Thou be mine,  
Sweet lover of my soul!  
My Jesus dear, my King divine;  
Come, o'er my heart to rule.

O come! and fix Thy throne  
In the midst of my heart;  
O make it burn for thee alone,  
And from thence ne'er depart.

Begone ye from my mind,  
Vain, childish earthly toys,  
In my Jesus alone I find  
True pleasures, solid joys.

**62. IN THIS SACRAMENT,  
SWEET JESUS.**

In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus  
Thou dost give Thy flesh and  
blood,  
With Thy soul and God-head also  
As our own most precious food.

**Acts of Faith, Desire, etc.**

Yes, dear Jesus, I *believe* it,  
And Thy presence I *adore*,

And with all my heart I *love* Thee  
May I love Thee more and more.

Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,  
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;  
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,  
Come, my soul's true life to be.

Come, that I may live forever,  
Thou in me, and I in Thee;  
Living thus, I shall not perish  
But shall live eternally.

**Acts of Thanksgiving and  
Offering.**

Blessed be the love of Jesus,  
Giving us His flesh and blood,  
Blessed be His Mother Mary,  
Mother ever kind and good.

Blessed be the great St. Joseph,  
Sing then with devotion true:  
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,  
Heart and life I give to you."

**63. JESUS, GENTLEST SAV-  
IOUR.**

Jesus, gentlest saviour!  
God of might and power!  
Thou Thyself art dwelling  
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heaven is all too strait  
For Thine endless glory  
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining  
Of the furthest star,

Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children  
Hold what worlds can not,  
And the God of wonders  
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens  
Go to seek sweet flowers.  
In our hearts dear Jesus  
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!  
Thou art in us now;  
Fill us full of goodness  
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us,  
That to Heaven shall rise;  
Sing the song that angels  
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,  
Chiefly love and fear,  
And, dear Lord, the chiefest—  
Grace to persevere.

Oh! how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this?  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss.

Ah! when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts Thy home?  
We must wait for Heaven.  
Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep Thee  
All the time we may,

But Thy grace and blessing  
We will keep away.

When our hearts Thou leavest,  
Worthless though they be,  
Give them to Thy Mother  
To be kept for Thee.

#### 64. THE LORD OF GLORY.

The Lord of Glory  
(O wondrous story!)  
Hath made His home within my  
breast;  
Bowed down before him,  
My soul adore him,  
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes  
to rest,  
Good angels aid me,  
The God who made me,  
Who died to save me, is now my  
Guest;  
Ah! softly sing Him  
Sweet songs and bring Him  
Your burning love, your worship  
blest.

My God, I bless thee,  
Revere, confess Thee,  
And love and trust with all my  
heart;  
Thy child is wailing  
Each fault and failing  
That caused Thee pain, or tear  
or smart.  
Dear Lord, forgive me,  
My sins that grieve me,  
Because I love Thee for all thou  
art;  
To know Thee clearly,

To love Thee dearly,  
Be now my portion, my only part.

My Jesus, never  
Shall creature sever  
My happy heart from love of  
Thee!

Ah! do not let me,  
My king, forget Thee,  
And oh! do Thou remember me!  
My only Treasure,  
My Rest and Pleasure,  
My Rock and Fortress forever be;  
In strife defend me,  
In sickness tend me,  
And come in death to set me free.

When daylight shineth,  
When day declineth,  
In storm and sun, abide with me  
In joy and gladness,  
In pain and sadness,  
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.  
Good Shepherd, feed me,  
And guard and lead me,  
To Thy bright pastures beyond  
the sea,  
To make in glory,  
(O wondrous story!)  
One long communion eternally.

#### 65. JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST JESUS!

Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus!  
Thou hast left Thy Throne  
above,  
And art come to dwell within us,  
O Thou mighty God of love!

*Chorus.*

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,

May we never from Thee part,  
Jesus! be our King and Saviour!  
For our Lord and God Thou  
art.

We believe we have received Thee,  
And in humble trust adore;  
Praises be to Thee, sweet Jesus,  
May we love Thee more and  
more.

We can never thank our Jesus  
For this gift, so great, so high;  
Saints and Angels, bless Him for  
us

In your hymns beyond the sky.

Make us humble, make us patient,  
Pure of heart and strong to  
dare;  
Give us, too, that crowning bless-  
ing,

Thy dear Mother's special care.

Sacred Heart! take Thou our  
offering;

All we have we give to Thee,  
Life and strength, and soul, and  
body,

To be Thine eternally.

#### 66. THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

*(Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)*

Thou for whom I've long been  
sighing,

Jesus, now at last Thou'rt mine,  
In Thy sweet embraces lying,  
Press, ah press, my heart to  
Thine.

Who possesses Thee, possesses  
More than all this earth bestows,  
E'en the joy in Heaven that  
blesses

To Thy heart its fountain owes.

Scarce to Thy entreaties rushing,  
Have I turned my wearied soul,  
When, with love the sweetest  
gushing,

Thou art near me to console.  
Oh! my heart's delight! my treasure!

Sweetest Jesus! make me Thine;  
May it be Thy sweetest pleasure  
To reign within this heart of  
mine!

Loving Jesus! hear me ever  
Chanting all Thy mercy's praise!  
And when death shall come to sever

Earth's frail bonds, it then shall  
raise

Songs triumphant, till disclosing  
All Thy beauty face to face,  
'Mid Thy angels bright reposing,  
Thou transform me by Thy  
grace!

#### 67. ANIMA CHRISTI.

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my  
breast,

Thy blessed body be my saving  
guest,

Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in  
Thy tide,

Wash me, ye waters, streaming  
from His side.

Strength and protection, may His  
passion be;

Jesus! Oh! hear my sighs and  
answer me;

Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide  
and shelter me;

That I may never, never part  
from Thee.

Guard and defend me from the  
wicked foe,

In death's dread moments Thy  
sweet mercy show;

Call me and bid me come to  
Thee above,

Where I may praise Thee, with  
my songs of love.

#### 68. MYSTERY OF LOVE.

Mystery of Love, whose depths  
divine,

The burning Seraphim adore,  
With heaven and earth let us  
combine,

To love and praise Thee ever  
more.

O Sacred Bread, O Banquet blest,  
Where God's the food, and man's  
the guest.

Sweet Sacrament; boon from  
above,

Inflame our hearts with Thy  
Sweet love.

Beneath yon veil, Thy splendors  
lie,

All hidden from our mortal  
sight.

But dearest Lord we feel Thee  
nigh,

Who art our food, our strength,  
our light.  
Our solace in the hour of grief,  
In labor rest, in pain relief,  
Sweet Sacrament, boon from  
above,  
Inflame our hearts with Thy  
sweet love.

O bread of Angels, Food divine  
That fill'st the heart with sweet-  
est bliss,  
Thy richest graces now are mine,  
And what has earth, compared  
to this?  
Oh without Thee, the soul is dead,  
Thou art its life, celestial bread.  
Sweet Sacrament, boon from  
above,  
Inflame our hearts with Thy  
sweet love.

#### 69. I RISE FROM DREAMS OF TIME.

I rise from dreams of time,  
And an Angel guides my feet  
To the sacred altar throne,  
Where Jesus' Heart doth beat.

The lone lamp softly burns,  
And a wondrous silence reigns,  
Only with a low still voice  
The Holy One complains.

Long, long I've waited here,  
And though thou heed'st not  
me,  
The heart of God's Own Son,  
Beats ever on for thee.

In the womb of Mary meek,  
In the cradle, on the tree,  
Heart of pure undying love,  
It lived, loved, bled for me.

Ever pleading, day and night,  
Thou canst not from us part,  
O veiled and wondrous Sun,  
O love of the Sacred Heart.

#### 70. SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US ERE WE GO.

Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go!  
Thy Word into our minds instil;  
And make our lukewarm hearts  
to glow  
With lowly love and fervent  
will.

#### *Chorus.*

Through life's long day and  
death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day has done, its hours have  
run;  
And Thou hast taken count  
of all—  
The scanty triumphs grace hath  
won,  
The broken vow, the frequent  
fall.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil  
ways  
True absolution and release:  
And bless us more than in past  
days  
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon; give us  
joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty;  
And simple hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast  
toiled;  
And care is light, for Thou  
hast cared:  
Ah! never let our words be soiled,  
With strife, or by deceit en-  
snared.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful—unto Thee we call;  
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:  
Thou art our Jesus and our All!

Sweet Saviour! bless us, night is  
come,  
Mary and Joseph near us be;  
Good angels watch about our  
home;  
And we are one day nearer  
Thee.

## 71. SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE.

Sweet Sacrament divine,  
Hid in Thy earthly home;  
Lo! round Thy lowly shrine  
With suppliant hearts we come.  
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise  
In songs of love and heart-felt  
praise,  
Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,  
Dear home of every heart,

Where restless yearnings cease  
And sorrows all depart;  
Here in Thine ear all trustfully  
We tell our tale of misery,  
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,  
Ark from the ocean's roar,  
Within Thy shelter blest,  
Soon may we reach the shore.  
Save us for still the tempest raves,  
Save, lest we sink beneath the  
waves,  
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine,  
Earth's light and jubilee,  
In Thy far depths doth shine  
Thy Godhead's majesty.  
Sweet light, so shine on us we  
pray  
That earthly joys may fade away  
Sweet Sacrament divine.

## 72. THOU ART MY GOD.

My God, I love thee, not because  
I hope for Heav'n thereby  
Nor because they who love thee not,  
Must burn eternally,

*Chorus.*

E'en so I loved Thee and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Solely because Thou art my God  
And my eternal King.  
Solely because Thou art my God  
And my eternal King,  
Thou art my God and my eternal  
King.

Thou, my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace;  
For me didst bear the nails and  
spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well?  
Not for the sake of winning  
Heaven  
Or of escaping Hell.

Not with the hope of gaining  
aught,  
Not seeking a reward;  
But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever loving Lord.

### 73. SWEET HEART OF JESUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! fount of  
love and mercy,  
Today we come Thy blessing  
to implore;  
Oh, touch our hearts, so cold  
and so ungrateful,  
And make them, Lord, Thine  
own forevermore.

#### *Chorus.*

Sweet Heart of Jesus! we implore,  
Oh, make us love Thee more  
and more.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us  
know and love Thee,  
Unfold to us the treasures of  
Thy grace,  
That so our hearts from things  
of earth uplifted,

May long alone to gaze upon  
Thy face.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us  
pure and gentle,  
And teach us how to do Thy  
blessed will;  
To follow close the print of Thy  
dear footsteps,  
And when we fall—Sweet Heart,  
oh, love us still.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all  
hearts that love Thee,  
And may Thine own heart ever  
blessed be.  
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the  
friends we cherish,  
And keep us true to Mary and  
to Thee.

### 74. TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

To Jesus' Heart all burning  
With fervent love for men  
My heart with fondest yearning  
Shall raise its joyous strain.

While ages course along,  
Blest be with loudest song,  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus  
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart, for sinners riven,  
By sheer excess of love,  
The spear thro' thee was driven—  
'Twas sin of mine that drove.

Within the cleft I'll cower  
Of Jesus' wounded side;

In sunshine or in shower,  
Securely there I'll hide.

When life away is flying,  
And earth's false glare is done,  
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying,  
I'll say, I'm all thine own.

#### 75. O SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart!  
Our hope lies deep in thee,  
On earth thou art an exile's rest,  
In heaven the glory of the blest,  
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!  
Thou fount of contrite tears,  
Where'er those living waters flow,  
New life to sinners they bestow,  
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!  
Our trust is all in thee;  
For tho' earth's night be dark and  
drear,  
Thou breakest rest when Thou  
art near,  
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!  
When shades of death shall fall,  
Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care  
And save us from the tempter's  
snare,  
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!  
Lead exiled children home,  
Where we may ever rest near Thee  
In peace and joy eternally,  
O Sacred Heart.

#### 76. O SACRED HEART, WHAT SHALL I RENDER THEE?

O Sacred Heart! what shall I  
render Thee  
For all the gifts Thou hast be-  
stowed on me?  
O Heart of God! Thou seem'st  
but to implore  
That I should love Thee daily  
more and more.

Then I will love Thee, then I  
will love Thee,  
Then I will love Thee daily  
more and more.

O heart of Jesus! come and live  
in me,  
That with Thy love my heart  
consumed may be;  
O Sacred Heart of Jesus! I implore  
That I may love Thee daily more  
and more.

O Sacred Heart! be this our life's  
one aim  
To labor for the glory of Thy  
Name;  
O dearest Heart! this grace we  
Thee implore  
That all the world may know  
and love Thee more.

Dear Sacred Heart! in life's last  
awful hour  
O let us feel Thy love's almighty  
power;  
O then o'er all this grace we Thee  
implore



That we may love and trust Thee  
more and more.

O Sacred Heart! the sunshine of  
our days  
Be thine the songs of everlasting  
praise,  
Whose strains shall break on the  
Eternal Shore,  
Where we shall love and praise  
Thee evermore.

### 77. HEART OF JESUS, SACRED HEART!

Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart,  
Praise to Thee for all Thou art!  
Spring of grace, the Godhead's  
shrine,  
Throne of Glory, Heart Divine,  
Heart, whom angel hosts adore,  
Would that men would praise  
Thee more!

#### *Chorus.*

Heart of our Saviour! Heart of  
our friend!  
Heart that hast loved Thine own  
to the end!  
Heart of our King! Heart of our  
Lord!  
Be Thou forever loved and  
adored!

Heart of Jesus, Human Heart,  
Thanks to Thee for all Thou art!  
Where should we have been, or  
be,  
Fount of Goodness, but for Thee?

Heart so full of love for us,  
Would that we could love Thee  
thus!

Heart so holy, Heart so pure,  
Heart so patient to endure,  
Heart that all our sins hast borne,  
Bruised, humbled, crushed, for-  
lorn,  
Heart which we have wrung with  
pain,  
Be Thou never wronged again.

Heart still beating in the host,  
Where alas! we wrong Thee most!  
Heart so noble, Heart so true,  
Pierced by all, consoled by few,  
Lonely Heart, so loving men,  
Would that Thou wert loved again!

Heart so pitiful to heal,  
Tender Heart so quick to feel,  
Heart so ready to forgive,  
Heart so grateful to receive,  
Sea of love without a shore,  
Be Thou loved and trusted more!

Heart of Jesus, broken Heart,  
Praise and thanks for all Thou  
art!  
Shelter in the noonday heat,  
Covert when the rain doth beat,  
Home where all find peace and  
rest,  
Be Thou known and loved and  
blest!

### 78. JESUS! MY LORD, MY GOD.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All,  
How can I love Thee as I ought

And how revere this wondrous  
gift.  
So far surpassing hope or thought?

*Chorus.*

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee  
adore!  
O make us love Thee more and  
more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart  
To love Thee with, my dearest  
King!  
O with what bursts of fervent  
praise  
Thy goodness Jesus, would I sing.

O see! within a creature's hand,  
The vast Creator deigns to be,  
Reposing infant-like as though  
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's  
knee.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all  
O mystery of Love Divine!  
I cannot compass all I have,  
For all Thou hast and art are  
mine.

Sound, sound His praises higher  
still  
And come, ye angels, to our  
aid,  
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God,  
Whose power both man and  
angels made!

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells;  
And wave, O wave, ye censers  
bright!

'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's son,  
And God of God, and light of  
Light!

O earth! grow flowers beneath  
His feet,  
And thou, O sun, shine bright  
this day;  
He comes! He comes! O Heaven  
on earth!  
Our Jesus comes upon His way.

He comes! He comes! the Lord of  
Hosts,  
Borne on His throne trium-  
phantly!  
We see Thee and we know Thee  
Lord;  
And yearn to shed our blood for  
Thee  
Our hearts leap up, our trembling  
song  
Grows fainter still; we can no  
more.  
Silence! and let us weep—and die  
Of very love, while we adore.

*Chorus.*

Sweet Sacrament of love Di-  
vine,  
All, all we have or are be Thine.

**79. HYMN OF CONSECRATION  
TO THE SACRED HEART.**

When softly dawns the golden  
light,  
And shadows melt o'er land  
and sea,

O sweet and sacred Heart of  
Christ,  
We consecrate our souls to  
Thee.

Before Thy altar's holy throne,  
The while we humbly kneel  
and pray,  
We bring to Thee, to Thee alone,  
The off'ring of the new-born  
day.

When all the day of toil is done,  
And twilight spreads her purple  
wing—

When starry vigils have begun  
Before the Eucharistic King,  
As earth's poor lovers at Thy  
tryst

With ardor to the loved one flee  
O true and tender Heart of Christ,  
We haste to give the night to  
Thee!

In joy or grief, in hope or fear,  
In sin, in suffering, and dis-  
tress,

Behold a refuge ever near,  
To heal, to comfort, and to  
bless.

In light or darkness, life and  
death,

In time and in Eternity,  
Devoted Heart, with trusting faith,  
We consecrate our all to Thee.

## 80. ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with Thee, O dearest  
Jesus,

In silence at Thy feet,  
One hour of rest, of joy, of bliss,

My God, my God, how sweet  
To kneel before Thy earthly throne  
And gaze upon Thee there,  
To be one hour with Thee alone,  
And oh, to be, to be so near,  
To be one hour with Thee alone,  
And oh, to be, to be so near.

What can I do, what can I say,  
How praise, how thank, how  
love,

What fitting homage can I pay?  
O Angels from above,

Lend me your voices for this hour,  
Lend me your tongues to speak  
Some words of love, some words  
of praise,

For mine are all, are all too  
weak,  
Some words of love, some words  
of love,

For mine are all, are all too  
weak.

My God, my Father, friend, my  
all,

How sweet this hour to me,  
What feast of love, of heav'nly  
light,

These moments spent with Thee.

O, words, my Jesus cannot tell  
The rapture of this union,  
Whilst Thou art mine, and I all  
Thine,

In this one sweet, sweet com-  
munion,

Whilst Thou are mine, and I all  
Thine,

In this one sweet, sweet com-  
munion.

## 81. THE HOLY NAME.

Jesus! the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far it is to see  
And on Thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art of music frame  
No thoughts can reach, no words  
can say,  
The sweets of Thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope, when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace.  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
Oh! what when face to face!

Jesus! that Name inspires my  
mind  
With springs of life and light;  
More than I ask in Thee I find,  
And languish with delight.

No art or eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love;  
Only the Saints can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.

Thee, then I'll seek, retired apart,  
From world and business free;  
When these shall knock, I'll shut  
my heart,  
Ane keep it all for Thee.

Before the morning light I'll come  
With Magdalen to find,  
In sighs and tears my Jesus' tomb,  
And there refresh my mind.

My tears upon His grave, shall  
flow.

My sighs the garden fill;  
Then at His feet myself I'll throw,  
And there I'll seek His will.

Jesus! in Thy blessed steps I'll  
tread  
And walk in all Thy ways;  
I'll never cease to weep and plead  
Till I'm restored to grace.

O King of Love! Thy blessed fire  
Does such sweet flames excite,  
That first it raises the desire,  
Then fills it with delight.

## 82. O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD.

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord,  
Forgive me if I say,  
For very love, Thy sacred Name,  
A thousand times a day.  
I love Thee so, I know not how  
My transports to control;  
Thy love is like a burning fire,  
Within my very soul.

O wonderful! that Thou should'st  
let  
So vile a heart as mine,  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.  
The craft of this wise world of ours  
Poor wisdom seems to me;  
Ah! dearest Jesus, I have grown  
Childish with love of Thee.

For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honor and my wealth,

My heart's desire, my body's  
strength,  
My soul's eternal health.  
Burn, burn, O love, within my  
heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day;  
Till all the dross of earthly love  
Is burned and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,  
O Heaven begun on earth!  
Jesus! my Love! my treasure! who  
Can tell what Thou art worth?  
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,  
What art Thou not to me?  
Each hour brings joys before un-  
known,  
Each day new liberty.

What limit is there to thee, love?  
Thy fight where wilt Thou stay?  
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.  
O love of Jesus! blessed love!  
So will it ever be;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous  
growth,  
No, nor eternity.

### 83. I NEED THEE, GRACIOUS JESUS.

I need Thee, gracious Jesus,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.  
Sweet Jesus, keep me near Thee,  
Close by Thee all the day,  
Permit me not, e'en though I  
would,  
From Thy lov'd side to stray.

I need Thee, Heart of Jesus,  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell to Thee my every want,  
And all my sorrows share.  
Uphold me then, sweet Jesus,  
My tottering footsteps guide,  
And tho' I fall, ten thousand  
times  
I'll fear not, but confide.

And Thou wilt teach me, Jesus,  
Each duty to fulfil,  
And it shall be my pleasure,  
To do Thy gracious will.  
And this request I'll make Thee,  
This recompense implore.  
By every thought and word and  
act,  
To love Thee more and more.

### 84. CLOSE VEILED. (May Chimes.)

Close veiled in that sweet Sacra-  
ment,  
Our Jesus' heart, our treasure lies;  
Love's priceless, dearest, testa-  
ment  
Is shrouded in that mystic guise.  
Our Jesus left His realms of light,  
On wings of love to earth He's  
flown,  
To dwell with us 'tis his delight,  
He makes our hearts His dear-  
est throne.  
O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould  
be  
If we could die for love of Thee.  
Our Sacramental King uncrowned

His Sacred head of crowns  
 above,  
 That our glad hearts might flock  
 around  
 And crown Him with their  
 fondest love  
 O loving Heart! Thy priceless  
 worth.  
 How little is it sought, or known,  
 Else would the busy sons of earth  
 Soon gather near that altar  
 throne.  
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould  
 be  
 If we could die for love of Thee.  
 Love is not loved! O angels, weep,  
 Ye virgins chaste, breathe bit-  
 ter sighs  
 O earth, be clothed in mourning  
 deep  
 Withdraw your light, ye radiant  
 skies;  
 For all our souls' dear Spouse  
 hath died  
 For all His heart with love  
 doth burn  
 Yet this meek Saviour men de-  
 ride,  
 And for His love make no re-  
 turn.  
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould  
 be  
 If we could die for love of Thee.  
 That heart for us could do no  
 more  
 In anguish deep it sighed and  
 bled,  
 A cruel spear pierced thro' its  
 core

For us His last life's blood was  
 shed;  
 That spear, oh Jesus, pierced  
 Thy heart,  
 That we within its depths  
 might flee.  
 Oh, wound our own with love's  
 sweet dart,  
 Let us expire for love of Thee.  
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould  
 be  
 If we could die for love of Thee.  
 Our souls, like wearied doves,  
 shall seek  
 Within Thy Heart a sweet repose;  
 Oh! in that ark them captive  
 keep  
 Our hearts within Thine own  
 enclose.  
 Oh! Beauty ancient, ever new,  
 Thy charms alas! too late we've  
 known,  
 Oh, draw us now, we'll Thee pur-  
 sue  
 These hearts would make Thee  
 all their own.  
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould  
 be  
 If we could die for love of Thee.  
 85. O HEART OF JESUS.  
 LIVING FOUNT  
 [Messenger of the Sacred Heart.]  
 O Heart of Jesus! Living Fount  
 Of hope and peace divine!  
 The crimson streams down Cal-  
 vary's mount  
 Show what a love was Thine!

O precious, priceless, Royal Heart,  
That Christ-like we might live,  
Thou would'st a heavenly food  
impart,  
Thy very Self would'st give!

And O, Sweet Jesus, how do we  
This signal boon return;  
Do we give love for love to Thee?  
Do we with transports burn?  
Thrice-blessed Lord, thrice-welcome  
Guest,

Thy face is veiled from sight,  
That man might dare within his  
breast,  
Receive the God of might.

Ah! Loving Heart, in fervent  
prayer,  
Before Thy altar low,  
We'll ask Thy Heart of mercy  
there,  
That men Thy love may know!  
To Thee our vows shall rise like  
breath  
Of incense on the morn,  
That those who stray in shades  
of death,  
To life again be born!

## 86. TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Sweetest Jesus, in loving Thine  
own,  
Thou hast loved them e'en un-  
to the end,  
Thou hast tenderly shown to Thy  
children lone  
The heart of a Father and friend.

Loving heart divine of our Saviour  
kind,  
Sweetest comfort in sorrow's  
hour,  
To Thy refuge we fly when danger  
is nigh,  
Be our shield 'gainst the temp-  
ter's power.

Sweet Heart, burning with love  
all divine,  
From us Thou can'st not dwell  
apart,  
Throned in glory and light Thou  
yet mak'st Thy delight  
With the children of men to  
abide.

O most royal Heart! Thy treas-  
ures impart,  
Thy favors and graces divine!  
Heart most humble and meek to  
our cold hearts speak,  
Inflame them with ardor like  
Thine!

Ah! draw us, sweet Jesus, to  
Thee,  
Let our deepest affections be  
Thine,  
Then securely we'll rest on Thy  
loving breast,  
And no sweeter repose e'er de-  
sire.  
From the depths of Thy Heart,  
may we never depart  
Till Thine infinite beauty we  
see,  
Then, consumed in love's flame,  
we shall ever remain  
United, sweet Jesus, with Thee.

## 87. HEART OF JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Heart of Jesus, meek and mild,  
Hear, oh! hear, thy feeble child,  
When the tempter's most severe,  
Heart of Jesus, hear.

### *Chorus.*

Sweetly we'll rest on thy Sacred  
Heart,  
Never from Thee, oh, let us part,  
Hear then Thy loving children's  
prayer,  
Heart of Jesus, hear.

Make me, Jesus, wholly Thine  
Take this wayward heart of mine,  
Guide me through this world so  
drear,  
Heart of Jesus, hear!

When I draw my latest breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
Then sweet Jesus, be Thou near.  
Heart of Jesus, hear!

## 88. ASPIRATIONS S. H. & B. S.

No. 1. O Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
I implore  
That I may daily love Thee more  
and more.

No. 2. O Sacrament most Holy,  
O Sacrament Divine,  
All praise and all thanksgiving  
Be every moment Thine.

## 89. O JESUS, IN THY SACRA- MENT.

[Messenger of the Sacred Heart.]

O Jesus, in Thy Sacrament,  
Wherever I may be.  
Still, still my soul retaineth  
The memory of Thee;  
It leaves me never, never,  
It haunts my very dreams;  
Like one perpetual sunshine,  
Within my soul it beams.

To stay before Thine altar,  
And there each thought impart,  
To feel Thee there outpouring  
The spirit of Thy heart,—  
This is the earthly heaven,  
O Sacrament Divine!  
For naught save Heaven could  
equal  
E'en one caress of Thine.

Each beauteous thing around me,  
Speaks to my soul of Thee,—  
The perfume of the flowers,  
The deep, the boundless sea;  
The very air seems breathing  
The spirit of Thy love,  
The sun, Thy Heart's true emblem,  
That decks the heavens above.

'Tis sweet to earthly objects,  
To close the outward eyes,  
And only see the Victim,  
Who on the altar lies.  
Oh! can I e'er forget Thee  
Upon Thy altar throne?  
Oh, no! my heart keeps yearning  
For Thee, and Thee alone.



90. MY GOD, HOW WONDER-  
FUL THOU ART!

My God! how wonderful Thou  
art!

Thy Majesty how bright!  
How beautiful Thy Mercy Seat  
In depths of burning light!

*Chorus.*

Yet I may love Thee, too O  
Lord!  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask  
of me,  
The love of my poor heart.

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord;  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful!  
The sight of Thee must be;  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless  
power,  
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling  
hope.  
And penitential tears.

No earthly father loves like Thee;  
No mother half so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast  
done,  
With me Thy sinful child.

91. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Glory be to Jesus!  
Who in bitter pains  
Pour'd for me the lifeblood  
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
In that blood I find;  
Bless'd be His compassion,  
Infinitely kind!

Bless'd through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torment  
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit  
Drinks of life her fill;  
There, as in a fountain,  
Laves herself at will.

O the Blood of Christ!  
It soothes the Father's ire  
Opes the gate of Heaven,  
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high  
Hell with terror trembles,  
Heav'n is filled with joy.

*Chorus.*

Lift ye, then, your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood,  
Louder still, and louder,  
Praise the precious blood.

**92. CHRIST HAS DESCENDED.**

Christ has descended, angels on  
high  
Softly breathe o'er us, Jesus is  
nigh;  
The Cherub, the Seraph in awe  
lowly bend  
While Jesus the King of the  
Heavens, descends.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, sweet Jesus, my treasure  
divine,  
O with what rapture I call Thee  
all mine,  
Brilliant, Celestial, My glory, my  
Sun,  
O, that I lov'd Thee, Thou  
beautiful One.

Fountain of sweetness, abyss of  
delight  
Robed in Thy splendor, im-  
mortal and bright,  
Thou God of my heart, O, when  
shall I flee  
Away from my prison to love  
only Thee?

Jesus, my Jesus, so priceless in  
worth,

Joy of the angels, and hope of  
the earth,  
Strong are the links and the bonds  
which confine  
My heart and my soul to Thee,  
Jesus all mine.

**93. DEAR SACRED HEART.**

Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred  
Heart,  
Burning and yearning with pity  
for sinners,  
Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred  
Heart.  
Lay Thy pierced hand in its  
peace on my soul.

*Chorus.*

Heart of our Saviour, we adore  
we implore,  
Grace to love Thee more and  
more. [Repeat]

Heart of our Lord, Heart most  
adored,  
Tenderly calling the sheep that  
is weary,  
Heart meek and kind, Light of  
the blind,  
Gather Thy lambs ere they  
stray from Thy fold.

*Chorus.*

Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred  
Heart,  
Hearts that are cold, that are  
dark, that are lonely,

Safe on Thy breast soon may  
they rest,  
Bring them in mercy to heaven-  
ly peace.

#### 94. OFFERING TO THE SACRED HEART.

I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
Each action of today,  
My pray'rs, my work my suf-  
f'rings,  
Accept them now I pray.  
I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
The moments as they pass;  
I join my feeble heart's desire  
With Thine in holy Mass.

And while Thy Heart, dear Jesus.  
For sinners ever pleads;  
I offer Thee thro' Mary,  
A decade of her beads.  
I offer Thee, dear Jesus,  
Oh! who could offer more?  
Thyself, in sweet communion  
The Heart which I adore.

And to Thine own, dear Jesus,  
My poor heart closely bind;  
In love and reparation  
For sins of all mankind.  
Then take my gifts, dear Jesus,  
Take all I have to give;  
Oh, would that I could give my  
life,  
Within Thy Heart to live.

#### 95. THERE IS NO HEART LIKE THINE.

There is no Heart like Thine,  
sweet Lord,  
There is no Heart like Thine;  
If Its eclipse is loveliness,  
How bright Its glow divine.

The beauty Thou art aiding now  
But to return more bright.  
There is no smile like Thine, sweet  
Lord,  
To give to me delight.

There is no love like Thine, sweet  
Lord,  
There is no love like Thine;  
Its flames are from eternity,  
Can they be quenched by time?

The love of creatures soon may  
cool,  
How can the world be kind?  
There's nothing constant but Thy-  
self  
This fickle heart to bind.

#### *Chorus.*

||: Sweet Jesus to Thee I come  
Thy Heart is my home, dear  
Lord: ||  
Thy Heart is my home.

O Teach me then one lesson, Lord,  
Forgetting all beside,  
To seek in love, love's own re-  
ward,  
And place in this my pride.  
The heart that's wounded by  
Thy love

Must suffer things divine,  
Yet there's no joy like Thine,  
sweet Lord,  
And no heart like Thine.

96. HEART OF JESUS, WE  
ARE GRATEFUL.

Heart of Jesus, we are grateful,  
For Thy answer to our Prayer;  
We have sought Thee ever hope-  
ful,  
That Thy blessing we might  
share,  
Thou hast heard us interceding  
With Thy love which is untold;  
And in answer to our pleading  
Lo! Thy treasures do unfold.

*Chorus.*

Heart of Jesus, we do thank Thee,  
We do love Thee more and  
more;  
Heart of Jesus, we do praise Thee  
And we thank Thee o'er and  
o'er.

Heart of Jesus, Thou hast taught  
us  
How to seek and how to find;  
And that lesson now has brought  
us  
To Thy Heart so sweet and  
kind.  
What we ask with faith believ-  
ing,  
Thou hast pledged Thy word  
to give,  
And Thy word is not deceiving,  
But the truth by which we  
live.

97. O SACRED HEART! O LOVE  
DIVINE.

O Sacred Heart! O Love Divine!  
Do keep us near to Thee;  
And make our love so like to  
Thine,  
That we may holy be.

*Chorus.*

Heart of Jesus hear; O Heart  
of Love Divine!  
Listen to our prayer; make us  
always Thine.

O Temple pure! O house of  
gold!  
Our heaven here below!  
What sweet delights, what wealth  
untold,  
From Thee do ever flow!

O wounded Heart! O font of  
tears!  
O Throne of grief and pain!  
Whereon, for the eternal years,  
Thy love for man does reign.

Ungrateful hearts, forgetful hearts,  
The hearts of men have been,  
To wound Thy side with cruel  
darts,  
Which they have made by sin.

98. SACRED HEART! IN AC-  
CENTS BURNING.

Sacred Heart! in accents burning  
Pour we forth our love of Thee;

Hear our hopes and hear our  
yearnings,  
Meet and mingle tenderly.  
Heart of mercy, ever eager,  
All our woes and wounds to  
heal!  
Heart most patient, Heart most  
pure!  
To our souls, Thy depths reveal.

*Chorus.*

Sacred Heart of our Redeemer!  
Pierc'd with love on Calvary!  
Heart of Jesus ever loving,  
Make us burn with love of Thee.  
Praise to Thee! Sacred Heart!

Heart of bounty, Thou art bring-  
ing  
All Thy thirsting children here,  
Where the living waters spring-  
ing,  
Tell of hope and comfort near.  
O Thou Source of ev'ry blessing!  
Sweetest, strongest, holiest, best,  
Be our treasure here on earth  
And in heav'n be Thou our rest.

*Chorus.*

**99. I DWELL A CAPTIVE.**

I dwell a captive in this Heart  
On fire with love divine;  
'Tis here I live alone in peace,  
And constant joy is mine.  
It is the Heart of God's own Son,  
In his humanity,  
Who, all enamored of my soul,  
Here burns with love of me.

Here, like the dove within the  
ark,  
Securely I repose;  
Since now the Lord is my defence,  
I fear no earthly foes.  
What tho' I suffer, still in love  
I ever true will be;  
My love of God shall deeper grow  
When crosses fall on me.

From every bond of earth, dear  
Lord,  
Thy grace hath set me free:  
My soul delivered from the snare,  
Enjoys true liberty.  
Naught more can I desire than  
this,  
To see His Face in Heav'n;  
And this, I hope, since He on earth  
His Heart in pledge has given.

**100. NIGHT FOLDS HER**

**STARRY CURTAINS ROUND.**

Night folds her starry curtains  
round,  
As day hath faded on the hills;  
And thro' the silence so profound  
Calm peace a fragrant balm  
distills.  
A soothing voice like dew-drops  
falls  
All cares, all sorrows to beguile.  
Our Lord in love and pity calls:  
"Come to my heart and rest  
awhile."

*Chorus.*

Not man, nor angel can portray,  
O dearest Lord, how sweet Thou  
art,  
To call us from our cares away  
To rest within Thy Sacred  
Heart.

To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,  
Thy blessed bondage makes us  
free.

We count it as our highest gain,  
Forsaking all to follow Thee.  
Thrice happy are the hours and  
bright

We spend beneath Thy dear  
control;  
Thy yoke is sweet, Thy burden  
light,  
Thy love the sunshine of the soul.

**101. O BANQUET PURE.**

O Banquet pure of heav'nly love,  
Descending from the throne above!  
Preserve my soul from blemish  
free,

That I may come with joy to Thee;  
That I may come with joy to Thee.

I then will call Thee all my own,  
A bliss the angels have not known;  
For never did'st Thou deign to  
rest,  
Within a glowing seraph's breast.  
Within a glowing seraph's breast.

For man alone Thou did'st re-  
serve

This gift, which no one could de-  
serve;

Thy flesh and blood, our souls to  
heal,

Concealed in sacramental veil;  
Concealed in sacramental veil.

Ah! may my heart serve at Thy  
shrine,

And may the happy lot be mine,  
Oft to receive this pledge of love,  
'Till I shall reach the realms  
above;

'Till I shall reach the realms  
above.

**102. HEAR THE HEART OF  
JESUS PLEADING.**

Hear the Heart of Jesus plead-  
ing:

"Come and sweetly rest in me,  
With a peace and joy exceeding,  
Meek and humble ever be;

In my Heart serene and holy,  
All your selfish cares resign."

Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly  
Make, oh, make our hearts like  
Thine!

"Purer than the lily's whiteness,  
Fairer than the fairest snows,  
In the beauty and the bright-  
ness,

Of your souls I seek repose;  
Calmly keep your hearts before  
Me,

From the stain of passion free."  
Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee,  
Make, oh! make us pure like  
Thee.

Heart of love! in Thee confiding  
We shall learn to do Thy will;  
In Thy sacred Wounds abiding,  
Burning love our breasts shall  
fill.  
We shall bless Thee, and obey  
Thee,  
Ever serve Thee faithfully;  
Sweetest Heart; we humbly pray  
Thee,  
Let us live and die in Thee!

**103. SACRED HEART, SO  
MEEK, SO TENDER.**

Sacred Heart, so meek, so ten-  
der,  
Let us tell You how we love  
You, dear Jesus, You the sender  
Of all the blessings from above.  
How we thank You none can  
measure  
But deep in each throbbing  
breast,  
Burns for You our dearest treasure,  
Love, consuming all the rest.

*Chorus.*

O Sacred Heart! We Thee im-  
plore,  
That we may love Thee more  
and more.  
O Sacred Heart! We Thee im-  
plore,  
That we may love Thee more.  
Hear us now before Your altar,  
Pledging to begin anew,  
And our voices do not falter

While we say these things to  
You.  
For we know to hearts most  
harden'd.  
You gave mercy from Your  
throne.  
Hidden Love, You'll surely pardon  
Those who call themselves Your  
own.

*Chorus.*

Keep us then, O gentle Saviour,  
Near You, while on earth we  
roam.  
Keep us in Your loving favor  
Till the hour You call us home.  
Oh! We do not mean to grieve  
You,  
Nor from Your pierced side to  
part,  
Lord, we'll never, never leave  
You  
If You keep us near Your  
Heart.

*Chorus.*

Yes, dear Heart, we know You  
listen,  
From the Cross Your Head  
bends down,  
Down to us, while great drops  
glisten,  
Where is pressed that griev-  
ous crown.  
Take our hearts; in joy and sor-  
row  
Keep them; more we cannot give.

And when dawns the bright to-  
morrow,  
With You, Jesus, 'shall we live.

*Chorus.*

#### 104. PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART

As the glow of morning deepens  
in the sky,  
Or as sunset glories slowly fade  
and die,  
All the wide world over like an  
incense rare,  
From the hearts of thousands,  
rises up the pray'r.

*Chorus.*

Sacred Heart of Jesus, fill'd with  
love for me,  
Kindle in my spirit truer love for  
Thee.

Refuge of the sinful, stronghold  
of the weak,  
Comfort of the grieving, light for  
them that seek;  
These Thou art, O Jesus, yet we  
know but part  
Of the love which for us dwells  
within Thy Heart.

*Chorus.*

Each good act accomplished, vict'ry  
nobly won;  
Crosses bravely carried, duties  
brightly done;  
These are trials no longer if we  
would but see,

They are sent to lead us nearer  
unto Thee.

*Chorus.*

#### 105. O SACRED HEART, SWEET SOURCE.

O Sacred Heart, sweet source  
from whence,  
A stream of life e'er flows,  
The weary soul may draw from  
thence,  
Refreshment and repose.  
Here may we find a spot secure  
From sin and vain alarm,  
Here may we taste forevermore  
Thy love's consoling balm.

*Chorus.*

Sweet Jesus, may Thy Sacred  
Heart our hope and refuge be;  
There may we learn the heavenly  
art of living but for Thee.

O Heart of Jesus, may we feel  
Thy pure consuming fire,  
Kindle in us Thy ardent zeal,  
Be Thou our souls' desire,  
Absorb, dear Lord, our hearts in  
Thine,  
Let us with Thee remain.  
Nor ever may our souls incline  
To earth's vain joys again.

*Chorus.*

O Heart of ev'ry grace the source,  
Of all God's gifts the best,  
Unto the sinner strength and  
force,



Refreshment, hope and rest,  
For, day by day, the Lamb is  
slain,

The Lord of Heav'n above  
On lowly altars doth remain,  
The victim of His love.

*Chorus.*

### 106. HEART OF JESUS, HEART OF LOVE.

Heart of Jesus, Heart of Love,  
Thee we praise and Thee adore,  
Joy of all the courts above,  
Hope of earth's benighted shore.

*Chorus.*

Heart of Jesus, Source of Light,  
May our love Thy love re-  
quite,  
Heart of Jesus mayest Thou be  
Praised and blessed eternally.

On our altars where Thou art  
Veiled in lowliest disguise,  
Gleams from Thee, O Sacred  
Heart,  
Break like dawn of Paradise.

Heart most merciful and meek,  
Heart most gracious and be-  
nign,  
One poor straying soul to seek,  
Thou wilt leave the ninety-  
nine.

Heart most patient to endure,  
Heart most tender to forgive;  
Thou hast made our calling sure,

Thou hast died that we might  
live.

Heart of Jesus, Beacon Light,  
Friendless wanderers to befrend,  
Cloud by day, and torch by night,  
Till we reach our journey's end.

### 107. O SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
To Thee our hearts we bring,  
The only gift Thou askest,  
Our Saviour and our King.  
Take them, O loving Jesus,  
And light within each one  
A flame more clear and radiant,  
More brilliant than the sun.

*Chorus.*

O Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
To Thee our hearts we bring,  
The only gift Thou askest,  
Our Saviour and our King.

Touch with Thy quickening fire  
Those that seem cold and dead,  
Over each frozen conscience  
Rays of Thy brightness shed.  
Burn from our hearts forever  
All that offends Thine eyes,  
Kindle instead within them  
The love that purifies.

*Chorus.*

In days made dark by sorrow,  
To Thy Heart pure and bright  
We look, and in its glory

Our darkness turns to light.  
When on our hearts so weary  
Death's cold gray shadows fall,  
Unto Thy Heart's sweet refuge  
Thy tired children call.

### 108. GLORIOUS HEART.

Glorious Heart of Jesus,  
Reign in ev'ry heart;  
In Thy heavenly kingdom  
Grant us each a part.  
When the battle rages  
Send thy mighty aid,  
If Thy Heart is with us  
We are not afraid.

#### *Chorus.*

Glorious Heart of Jesus,  
Reign in ev'ry heart.  
In Thy heavenly kingdom  
Grant us each a part.

Though by sinful actions  
We have grieved Thee sore,  
To Thy Heart all burning  
We have come once more.  
In that glowing furnace  
All our sins we cast,  
Trusting in Thy mercy  
To forgive our past.

In temptation's hour  
Be Thy heart our stay,  
At its radiant beauty  
Demons flee away.  
Hail, sweet Heart of Jesus,  
Throne of Light and Love,  
May Thy brightness guide us  
To our home above.

### 109. HEART OF MY JESUS THROBBING.

O Heart of my Jesus, throbbing  
With love in the Host divine,  
Accept in Thy gracious goodness  
The love-laden beatings of mine.  
Receive every joy and sorrow,  
My hopes, disappointments, all,  
My life shall be Thine, Thine  
only,  
Tho' oft in my weakness I fall.

Oh, how could I live without  
Thee?

How vast would this desert  
seem,

No hand to bestrew bright flowers,  
No sun to illumine with its beam.  
What ear would e'er list to my  
pleadings,

What voice would answer the  
cry,

My soul sends forth in its long-  
ing

To love and be loved or die.

Ah, Thine, Thine alone, my Jesus!  
The Heart, Ear and Voice for  
me,

Let me lose myself in Thy Pres-  
ence

Like a drop in the boundless  
sea.

Love's fire may glow, e'en burn  
fiercely,

Consuming my heart in its  
flame,

And at death Thou shalt read  
'mid the embers

Its secret in Thy Holy Name.

Yes, Thine, Thine alone, my  
Jesus!

But tell me Thy gracious will,  
I yearn with an infinite yearning  
Some task for Thy sake to  
fulfil.

For little or great I am ready,  
Whatever Thou wishest, my  
Love,  
Shall I face the world for Thy  
glory,  
Or hide in the cleft like the  
dove?

No time would suffice, dearest  
Jesus,  
To say all I would to Thee,  
But I'll whisper it all while re-  
clining  
On Thy Heart through eter-  
nity.

(Repeat last four lines of first  
stanza.)

#### 110. EVENING HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

O dearest Lord, 'tis evening now,  
And 'neath our glad and wond-  
'ring eyes,  
The vision of thy Sacred Heart  
In all its love and beauty lies.  
The day is past—it had its cares,  
Its sorrow and, perchance, its  
sin,  
And now each loving heart repairs,  
Sweet peace and pardon here  
to win.

#### *Chorus.*

Let love and gratitude essay,  
To tell, dear Lord, how sweet  
Thou art,  
In calling us at close of day,  
To rest, to rest within Thy  
Sacred Heart.

The day is past; a soothing calm  
Falls dream-like through the  
silent hours,  
And oh! Thy love and peace are  
shed,  
Like dew upon the folded  
flowers,  
They feel Thy strength, who  
most are weak,  
They, of Thy peace, most largely  
share.  
Who seek Thy Heart benign and  
meek  
And cast their sins and sor-  
rows there.

Sweet Jesus, it is joy to be  
Held captive in Thy presence  
here,  
When breathing silence wraps us  
round;  
For in the hush, we feel Thee  
near.  
"To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,"  
And sweet Thy yoke, when  
borne with love,  
To die for Thee, oh! it is gain;  
When endless life awaits above.

**111. O LORD I AM NOT WORTHY.**

O Lord, I am not worthy  
That Thou shouldst come to  
me,  
But speak the words of comfort  
My spirit healed shall be.  
And humbly I'll receive Thee,  
The Bridegroom of my soul,  
No more by sin to grieve Thee,  
Or fly Thy sweet control.

Relying on Thy Goodness,  
Upon Thy presence sweet,  
Thy power is God Almighty  
Behold me at Thy feet.  
O come then, gentle Jesus,  
Come to my longing heart;  
Enrich it with Thy graces,  
And never more depart.

And when Thou art within me,  
My King, my Guest Divine,  
O calm those angry passions  
That sway this heart of mine.  
O Lord, I am not worthy  
That Thou shouldst come to  
me.

But speak the words of comfort,  
My spirit healed shall be.

**112. GIVE ME THY HEART.**

My child, give, oh, give Me thy  
heart,  
For I have loved thee with a  
love  
No mortal heart can show,  
A love so deep My saints in heaven  
Its depths can never know.

When pierced and wounded on  
the cross

Man's sin and doom were Mine,  
I loved thee with undying love.  
Immortal and divine.

*Chorus.*

Draw, draw us closer still to  
Thee,  
O Sacred Heart Divine,  
In Joy or grief, in life or death,  
Our hearts are ever Thine.

I loved thee ere the skies were  
spread,  
My soul bears all thy pains,  
To gain thy love My Sacred  
Heart

In earthly shrines remains,  
Vain are the offerings, vain thy  
sighs,

Without one gift divine.  
Give it, my child, thy heart to  
Me,  
And it shall rest in Mine.

Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred  
fire,

Consume and cleanse the sin  
That lingers still within my soul,  
Let heav'nly love begin.  
That sacred fire Thy saints have  
known.

Kindle, O Lord, in me,  
Thou, Thou above the rest, O  
Lord,  
And all the rest in Thee.

### 113. OFFERTORY HYMN.

Accept, Almighty Father,  
These gifts of bread and wine,  
Which now the priest is offering,  
For us before Thy shrine;  
But, soon the Word will make  
them

His body and His blood,  
The sacrifice renewing,  
Once offered on the rood.

With these, altho' unworthy,  
Some offering we make,  
But all we have, Thou gavest,  
Then what Thou gavest, take;  
Our heart, our soul, our senses,  
We give thro' Mary's hands,  
Who by the cross once standing,  
Now by the altar stands.

### 114. OUR GREAT PROTECTOR.

The Lord Himself, the mighty  
God,  
Vouchsafes to be my guide,  
The Shepherd by whose constant  
care,  
My wants are all supplied.

In verdant meads he makes me  
feed,  
And gently there repose;  
Then leads me to cool shades,  
and where  
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wandering soul reclaim,  
And to his endless praise,

Instructs with humble zeal to  
walk,  
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free,  
For there, his aiding rod and  
staff  
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes,  
He does my table spread,  
He crowns my cup with cheerful  
wine,  
With oil anoints my head.

Since God doth thus his won-  
drous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to Him I will devote,  
And in His temple spend.

### 115. CAN IT BE THAT MY GOD?

Can it be that my God  
Comes down from Heaven,  
Makes my poor heart His abode,  
To me is given!  
Yes, yes, within my breast,  
Soon shall my Jesus rest,  
Soon shall He be my guest,  
Nor thence be driven.

No, no, my bleeding heart,  
Leave Thee! no never,  
Never more shall He depart,  
What can us sever?  
No, no, I hear Him say  
With my beloved I'll stay.

My love shall ne'er decay,  
But last forever.

Then, O my Jesus, come,  
Come to this dwelling,  
Make my poor heart now Thy  
home,

Make Thine each feeling.  
Still, still my blessed God,  
Feed me with this sweet food  
Still with Thy sacred blood,  
All my wounds healing.

What save my God above  
Have I in Heaven?  
And what to win my love,  
Can here be given?  
Then, then my happy soul,  
Thou shalt alone control;  
Thou shalt possess the whole,  
To Thee still cleaving.

O, for such love as this,  
What now returning,  
What shall return such bliss,  
But a heart burning?  
Burning with flames of love,  
Till with my God above  
His endless joys I prove,  
With Him sojourning.

#### 116 JESUS! SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

Jesus! Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to Thy refuge fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into Thy haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Jesus! Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to Thy refuge fly;  
Ave, Ave, Jesus mild,  
Deign to hear Thy lowly child.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on  
Thee,  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and strengthen me.

All my trust in Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head,  
With the cover of Thy wing.

#### 117. ONLY A VEIL.

Only a veil between me and Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
A veil of bread it appears to me,  
Yet seemeth such that I may not  
see  
Jesus, my God.

Lift not the veil between me and  
Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
These eyes of earth can never see  
The glory of Thy divinity,  
Jesus, my God.

Keep, then, the veil between me  
and Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Some day 'twill fall when my  
soul is free  
To gaze on Thee for eternity,  
Jesus, my God.

118. HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
God of Hosts, Eternal King,  
By the heavens and earth adored  
Angels and Archangels sing,  
Chanting everlastingly  
To the Blessed Trinity.

Since by Thee were all things  
made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honor paid,  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the Blessed Trinity

Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Veil their faces with their wings,  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of Kings.  
While they sing eternally  
To the Blessed Trinity.

In Thy Name baptized are we,  
With Thy blessing are dismissed,  
And thrice holy chant to Thee  
In the Holy Eucharist,  
Life is one Doxology  
To the Blessed Trinity.

Alleluia! Lord to Thee,  
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Godhead one and persons three  
Join us with the heavenly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the Blessed Trinity.

119. I AM MY LORD'S.

I am my Lord's and He is mine,  
O Earth attend, ye Heavens  
hear,  
Your mighty Lord, your king divine  
Is now my bosom's guest most  
dear;  
Behold the vast Creator makes  
His home within his creature's  
breast,  
His realms of glory He forsakes,  
'Tis in my heart He loves to  
rest.

*Chorus.*

My dearest Lord, my love, I'm  
thine,  
And thou my Jesus art all mine.  
My heart forever Thine shall be  
O keep it Jesus all for Thee.  
Lo! Jesus, tender friend most true,  
With love untiring stands and  
knocks,  
The drops of night His head be-  
dew,  
And glitter 'mongst His droop-  
ing locks;  
He speaks: My child, thy heart  
unclose,  
And let thy Jesus come therein,  
Within its depths I would repose  
I'm weary of these days of sin.  
From sinful wanderings I return,  
No more, no more, from Thee  
to roam;  
Thy contrite child, ah! do not spurn  
Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer  
home.

Pure, meek, and humble let me be,  
And guileless as the simple dove;  
Thyself in others let me see,  
For Thee both friends and foes  
I'll love.

Close locked within my fond embrace,  
His sacred Heart reclines on mine—  
Its throbbings flood my soul with grace,  
And rapturous bliss and love divine.  
My Love to me, and I to Him,  
Who feedeth 'mongst the lilies pure—  
By crystal streamlet's margin dim,  
In deepest shades and haunts obscure.

When life is o'er, to me He'll say:  
Arise, my love, the winter's past;  
The rains have ceased, come haste away  
Heaven's endless day has dawned at last.  
In rapturous love, then, face to face,  
My Jesus all unveiled I'll see—  
Upon His Heart, in His embrace  
I'll sweetly rest eternally.

## 120. AS PANTS THE HART.

As pants the hart for cooling springs,  
Among the rocks, and barren sands,  
So doth my soul, O King of Kings,

||:Long for refreshing at Thy hands.:||

*Chorus.*

My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee,  
For Thee, the source of every grace.  
O when shall I Thy beauty see,  
||:When shall I see Thee face to face.:||

My tears have flowed by day and night,  
When I have felt Thy chastening rod;  
But wicked men enjoy the sight,  
||:And, mocking, asked Where's now thy God?:||

*Chorus.*

Where art Thou, Lord, my life,  
my all?  
Thou art above, around, within;  
Whate'er betides, on Thee I'll call,  
||:To save me, and to pardon sin.:||

*Chorus.*

Joy! then, and endless jubilee!  
Divine reward of faith and love;  
I hear the strains of harmony  
||:From the Triumphant Church above.:||

*Chorus*

Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?



God is thy drink, and He thy  
food;—  
Bequeathed to thee—His last be-  
quest—  
||:His Body and His precious  
Blood.:||

121. ECCE PANIS.

Ecce panis, angelorum,  
Fastus cibus, viatorum,  
Vere panis filiorum,  
||:Non mittendus canibus.:||

Bone pastor, panis vere,  
Jesu nostri miserere,  
Tu nos pasce nos tuere,  
Tu nos bona fac videre,  
In terra viventium.

122. O COR AMORIS.

O cor amoris victima,  
Coeli perenne gaudium,  
Mortalium, solatium,  
||:Mortalium spes ultima.:||

Cor dulce, Cor amabile,  
Amore nostri languidum,  
Amore nostri saucium,  
||:Fac sis mihi placabile.:||

Jesu Patris cor unicum,  
Puris amicum mentibus,  
Puris amandum cordibus,  
||:In corde regnes omnium.:||

123. VENI JESU AMOR MI.

Veni, Jesu Amor mi,  
Veni, Veni, Veni amor Jesu

Veni Jesu Amor mi,  
Veni O Amor mi.  
Veni Jesu Amor mi,  
Veni Jesu Amor mi,  
Veni, O Amor mi,  
Veni Amor mi,  
Veni Amor mi.

124. AVE VERUM.

Ave verum Corpus natum,  
Ex Maria Virgine,  
Vere passum immolatum,  
In cruce pro homine.

O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie  
O Jesu Fili Mariae  
||:Tu nobis miserere.:||

Cujus latus perforatum,  
Vero fluxit sanguine,  
Esto nobis praegustatum  
In mortis examine.

125. ADORO TE DEVOTE.

Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,  
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas:  
Tibi se cor meum totum subjecit,  
Quia te contemplans totum de-  
ficit.

*Chorus.*

Ave Jesu, Pastor fidelium;  
Adauge fidem omnium in te cre-  
dentium.

Visus, gestus, tactus, in te fallitur  
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur.  
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius;  
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius,

In cruce latebat sola Deitas,  
At hic latet simul et Humanitas:  
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,

Peto quod petivit latro poenitens,

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,

Deum tamen meum te confiteor.  
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,

In te spem habere, te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini!  
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini  
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,  
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

## 126. HYMN OF REPARATION.

For all the sins that cause Thee  
pain,

That wound Thy Sacred Heart,  
For all who take Thy Name in vain,  
Who from Thy ways depart;  
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For all the tears that Thou hast  
shed,

For erring human kind,  
Who walking not where Thou hast  
led,

Stray from Thee as though blind;  
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For every outrage 'gainst Thy will,  
The will of God above,  
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,  
Who neither fear nor love;  
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For those who all Thy gifts despise,  
Who, heedless of Thy grace,  
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,  
Care not to see Thy face;  
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For all who mock Thee day by day,  
Blaspheming Thee with scorn,  
Who never kneel to Thee to pray  
At noon, or night, or morn;  
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

O Virgin Mother, lend Thy aid,  
To thee for help we pray,  
That every promise we have made  
May last till Judgment Day.  
||:May we console Thee, Lord.:||

## 127. O KING AND LORD

O King and Lord, Who dwellest  
on this altar,  
We come to Thee with loving  
hearts and true;

To thank Thee for Thy love which  
cannot falter  
In spite of all ungrateful men  
may do.

We come to tell Thy Heart, de-  
spised and lonely,  
That we will try Thy loyal friends  
to be,

That we will try thro' life to love  
Thee only  
That in Thy sorrows we will  
comfort Thee.

We thank Thee that from sun-  
rise to its setting  
Thou standest on our altar, Lord,  
as slain,

We sorrow that, despising or forgetting,

Men leave Thee in Thy death alone again.

We come to tell Thy heart thus scorned and slighted,

That in the daily Mass our strength shall be,

That in the Mass our lives shall be delighted,

That for that sorrow we will comfort Thee.

We thank Thee—Oh! how can we thank Thee, Jesus?

That in this Sacrament Thou art our food,

That we can find all sweetness that may please us

In this dear banquet of Thy Flesh and Blood.

We weep for all those souls who dare to take Thee

To hearts made over to Thine enemy—

O let our love some reparation make Thee,

In that great sorrow let us comfort Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord, that all Thy pain expecting,

Thou dwellest with us yet both day and night,

We grieve that men, forsaking and neglecting,

In Thy sweet company find no delight.

We grieve that men for all things else have leisure,

That other friends they joy to hear and see;—

O let us make Thy presence here our pleasure,

That in Thy sorrow we may comfort Thee.

And for ourselves who, knowing and believing,

Have treated Thee so coldly and so ill,

Behold us now before Thee deeply grieving,

And strengthen, Lord, our weak and changing will.

We promise now, Thy Heart, despised and lonely,

That we will try Thy truer friends to be,

That we will try thro' life to love Thee only,

That in Thy sorrows we will comfort Thee.

## 128. UPON THE ALTAR NIGHT AND DAY.

Upon the altar night and day  
The Heart of Jesus lies,  
And night and day throughout the world

Do men its claims despise;  
For by their cold, ungrateful lives,

They pierce it thro' and thro';  
And by the scourges of their crimes,  
Its agonies renew.

Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,  
This Heart is all on fire;

And brightly shines from out its flames,

The cross of love's desire.  
If pure and true must be the soul  
That fain would hide in Thee,  
O Jesus, let Thy love supply  
For our deficiency!

We offer Thee our humble gifts,  
For poor they are and small,  
Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,

Dear Heart! we give Thee all!  
And joyous victims we shall be,  
Consumed before Thy throne,  
If dead to sin, if dead to self,  
We live to Thee alone.

#### 128a. GRACES FROM MY JESUS FLOWING.

Graces from my Jesus flowing,  
Set the faithful breast on fire:  
Make the soul with raptures glowing,  
Nought but heav'nly bliss desire.

##### *Chorus.*

Vain she thinks all transient joys,  
For eternal peace she sighs;  
Nought can then disturb her rest;  
With her God supremely blest.

Here she may, from care retiring,  
Find a sweet and healing balm,  
All celestial love inspiring,  
Shed around a heav'nly calm.

Here with purest love remaining,  
Jesus answers ev'ry pray'r;

With his help, the soul sustaining,  
Makes her ev'ry blessing share.

#### 129. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

When evening shades are falling  
O'er ocean's sunny sleep,  
To pilgrims' hearts recalling  
Their home beyond the deep;  
When, rest o'er all descending,  
The shores with gladness smile,  
And lutes, their echoes blending,  
Are heard from isle to isle;

##### *Chorus.*

Then Mary, Mother Mary,  
Thou bright Star of the Sea,  
We'll pray to thee, our Mother  
We'll pray, we'll pray to thee!

The noonday tempest over,  
Now ocean toils no more,  
And wings of halcyons hover  
Where all was strife before.  
Oh! thus may life, in closing  
Its short tempestuous day,  
Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,  
Shine all its storms away.

#### 130. CROWNING HYMN.

Sweet Mother, to thy sacred feet  
We bring our garlands fair to-day,  
And lovingly, dear Queen, we greet  
Thy happy month, the beautiful May.

##### *Chorus.*

Hail! loved Mother! hear our prayer

Which we sing in sweetest lay;  
We bring thee wreaths of flow-  
ers fair  
To crown thee, Virgin, Queen  
of May.

We crown thee Queen of May to  
prove

We give our souls to thee anew,  
Oh, place them in the hearts of  
Love,  
The Source of all that's pure  
and true.

*Chorus.*

Thy Son will ne'er reject the child  
Who calls thee Mother after  
Him.  
O Virgin spotless, undefiled,  
Light earth's sad valley, drear  
and dim.

*Chorus.*

**131. HAIL, VIRGIN OF  
VIRGINS.**

Srs. Mercy (Cecilia Ed. No. 25),  
P. 4.

Hail, Virgin of Virgins! thy praises  
we sing,  
Thy throne is in heaven, thy  
Son is its King;  
The Saints and the Angels thy  
glory proclaim,  
All nations devoutly bow down  
at thy name.

Let all sing of Mary, the Mystical  
Rod,

The Mirror of Justice, the Hand-  
maid of God;

Let valley and mountain unite in  
her praise,

The sea with its waters, the sun  
with its rays.

Let souls that are holy still holier  
be,

To sing with the angels, dear  
Mary, of thee;

Let all who are sinners to virtue  
return,

That hearts without number  
with thy love may burn.

Thy name is a power, thy love is  
a light;

We praise thee at morning, at  
noon, and at night;

We thank thee, we bless thee,  
when happy and free;

When tempted by Satan we call  
upon thee.

Oh! be thou our Mother, and  
pray to the Lord

That all may acknowledge and  
worship His word.

That good men with courage may  
walk in His ways,

And sinners converted may join  
in His praise.

**132. COME AND CHANT.**

Sisters of Mercy. (Cecilia Ed.  
No. 25), P.1.

Come and chant the praises of  
our Mother blest

Bring her buds the fairest, sweetest  
flow'rs and best;  
List, thy loving children Gabriel's  
words repeat:  
"Hail! Mother Mary, Hail! full  
of grace,  
Blessed art thou of Eve's race,  
Blessed art thou," etc.

Teach us to love Jesus, teach us  
to love thee;  
Teach us to be patient, pure and  
mild like thee;  
List, thy loving children, etc.

When this life is ended, be thou  
at our side;  
And we fondly trust thee, and in  
thee confide.  
List, thy loving children, etc.

### 133. TO OUR LADY, AFTER COMMUNION.

Mother, into my heart today  
Christ came a loving Guest;  
The same sweet Lord, a Babe  
that lay

In thy loved arms to rest:  
And to thy throne in heaven  
above,

I turn that I may win  
The faith, the gratitude, the love  
That shields the heart from  
sin.

Wilt Thou vouchsafe from stain  
of earth

To keep me pure aaway?  
Check word; of pride and scorn-  
ful mirth

And govern all I say.  
Oh! may the lips that stole a  
Thy dear son to receive,  
Ne'er use a word that His k  
Heart  
Would wilfully aggrieve.

Sweet Mother, thou art mine  
day  
By more than wonted ties,  
Since Jesus in my poor heart  
In mystical disguise,  
And thou canst hardly think  
Him  
Without a thought of me  
Whose heart held what the ser  
phim  
In speechless rapture see.

### 134. "MACULA NON EST I TE."

Daughter of a mighty Father,  
Maiden patron of the May,  
Angel forms around thee gather  
"Macula non est in te."

Mother of the Son and Saviour  
Of the Truth, the Life, the  
Way,  
Guide our footsteps, calm our  
passions,  
"Macula non est in te."

Spouse of the Eternal Spirit,  
Blossom, which will ne'er de  
cay,  
Let us but thy love inherit,  
"Macula non est in te."

Daughter, Mother, Spouse of  
Heaven,

Listen to our earnest lay,  
Sweetest gift to man e'er given,  
"Macula non est in te."

Here on earth we see but darkly,  
But we hail afar the day,  
When we'll see thee in thy splen-  
dor,  
"Macula non est in te."

We are earth's, Oh! thou who  
blossomed,  
Lily in the thorny way,  
Guide and help us, love and bless  
us,  
"Macula non est in te."

### 135. AWAKE! O SMILING MAY.

To Our Blessed Mother.

*Chorus.*

Awake! O smiling May!  
The wintry night hath flown;  
And in her loving way,  
Sweet Mary claims her throne.  
Like some dear friend she walks  
apart,  
Amid the sunny days;  
And leads our eager, wearied  
hearts,  
Through still and pleasant ways.  
And while our souls within  
us glow,

She smiles and blesses all 'below—  
All! hail today—The Queen  
of May!

*Chorus.*

The world of bloom around us  
spread

Hath not a flower more sweet;  
Than these the buds which love  
hath shed,

Dear Mother! at thy feet.

O may they ever live and  
glow,

To bless and brighten all be-  
low—

All hail! today—The Queen  
of May!

*Chorus.*

O Mother! in thy tender arms,  
Dear Jesus rests secure;

O win us to His infant charms,  
And make us meek and pure.

And if He smiles upon our  
woe,

Twill bless and brighten all  
below—

'All hail! today—The Queen  
of May!

*Chorus.*

O thou to whom the demons  
crouch,

Who stood in gentle power;

At Jesus' cross and Joseph's  
couch,

O bless our dying hour.

And then above we'll see  
and know

The hand which brightened  
all below—  
All hail! today— The Queen  
of May!

*Chorus.*

**136. MATER ADMIRABILIS.**

Our Mother Mary's blessed name  
All Christian hearts with joy  
proclaim—  
From mountain height and ocean  
shore,  
From temple dome and chapel  
door  
Sounds Gabriel's Ave as of yore,  
Mater Admirabilis.

Most dear of all the heavenly  
host  
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
'Tis hers all nature's gifts to  
bring  
As offerings to her Son, their  
King,  
While heaven and earth her glory  
sing,  
Mater Admirabilis.

The morning's dawn and glow of  
noon,  
The sunset bright and pale, sweet  
moon,  
Praise thee by day, thee praise  
by night,  
And all the stars of heaven unite  
To hymn thy name in concert  
bright,  
Mater Admirabilis.

The forest grand and mountain  
high,  
Low shrubs and trees that pierce  
the sky,  
The meadows green and fields so  
fair  
And buds and flowers that scent  
the air  
To thee their sweetest offerings  
bear,  
Mater Admirabilis.

The boundless sea, the river's  
stream  
And brooks 'mid flowing banks  
that gleam  
Thy praises, dearest Mother, sing,  
To thee their cool fresh wave  
they bring  
From caverns deep or sunlit spring,  
Mater Admirabilis.

Rejoice, ye white-robed choirs  
above,  
Our Mother is the Queen you  
love:  
Hail, Maid, of whom our God  
was born—  
Fair lily, rose without a thorn,  
In life and death our Star of  
Morn,  
Mater Admirabilis.

**137. HYMN FOR THE FEAST  
OF THE IMMACULATE HEART  
OF MARY.**

*Air—Fading, Still Fading.*

Heart of our Lady! on Calvary  
breaking,



In thy Son's love and His anguish partaking,  
Heart that was pierced by affliction's keen sword  
Yet ever resigned to the will of thy Lord—  
Last gift of our Jesus! Oh grant us to be  
In life and in death still devoted to thee.

*Chorus.*

Hail, Heart of Mary! Hail, Heart of Mary!  
Hail Heart of Mary, sweet Mistress of all.

Heart of our Lady! our refuge and haven,  
Rest of the weary with cares heavy laden.  
Hope of the sinner, delight of the just.  
Fond heart of our Mother, in thee do we trust!  
Bright throne of God's mercy, dispenser of grace,  
Immaculate day-star of our fallen race.

*Chorus.*—Hail, etc.

Heart of our Lady! we seek thy protection,  
Grant us to merit thy sweet benediction;  
Keep our frail hearts close united to thine,  
Adoring and loving thy Son's Heart divine:

Fair image of Him! may we learn from thy love  
His children pure, humble and faithful to prove.

*Chorus.*—Hail, etc.

138. ANNUNCIATION.

(Wreath of Mary, P. 38.)

Ave Maria, softly spoken,  
In the midnight's hallow'd hour;  
Ave Maria, dearest token  
Of God's great love, of love's great power.

The tidings blest of man's salvation,

How their grandeurs in our hymns prevail.

With Gabriel's voice, the while we greet thee,

And join him in that wondrous Hail.

Ave Maria,—gratia plena,—

Ave Maria,—gratia plena.  
Ave.

Ave Maria, sinless maiden,

Fair art thou, and full of grace;  
Earth is around thee, sorrow laden

O cheer it with thy beauteous face.

It hears the joyful salutation,  
Softly trembling on the midnight gale;

With Gabriel's voice, etc.

Ave Maria, near and nearer,  
Comes to us the joyful strain

Ave Maria, louder, clearer,  
The Church takes up the glad  
refrain;  
And Oh! we pray thee, Virgin  
tender,  
That thy kind protection never  
fail.  
With Gabriel's voice, etc.

### 139. HOW PURE, HOW FRAIL, HOW WHITE.

(May Chimes.)

How pure, how frail, how white,  
the showdrops shine,  
Gather a garland bright for Mary's  
shrine.

*Chorus.*

Hail Mary, hail Mary; Queen of  
Heaven, let us repeat,  
And place our snow-drop wreath  
here at her feet.

For on this blessed day she knelt  
in prayer,  
When lo! before her shone an angel  
fair.

Hail Mary! infant lips lisp it today;  
Hail Mary! with a faint smile, the  
dying say.

Hail Mary! many a heart, broken  
with grief,  
In that angelic prayer has found  
relief.

### 140. JOY OF MY HEART.

Joy of my heart! O let me pay  
To thee thine own sweet month  
of May.

Mary! one gift I beg of thee,  
My soul from sin and sorrow  
free.

Direct my wand'ring feet aright,  
And be thyself mine own true  
light.

*Chorus.*

Be love of thee thy purging fire,  
To cleanse for God my heart's  
desire,  
Mother, be love of thee a ray,  
From Heav'n to show the heaven-  
ward way.

Mary, make haste thy child to win,  
From sin and from the love of sin;  
Mother of God! let my poor love,  
A mother's prayers and pity move.  
O Mary, when I come to die,  
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus  
nigh.

*Chorus.*

When mute before the Judge I  
stand,  
My holy shield be Mary's hand,  
Oh! Mary! let no child of thine  
In hell's eternal exile pine.

Sweet Day-Star, let thy beauty  
be  
A light to draw my soul to thee;

We love thee, light of sinners' eyes:

O let thy prayer for sinners rise.  
Look at us, Mother Mary! see  
How piteously we look on thee.

*Chorus.*

I am thy slave, nor would I be  
For worlds from this sweet bondage free,  
Oh! Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign  
My soul in heav'nly ways to train.

Be love of thee, my whole life long,  
A seal upon my wayward tongue.  
Write on my heart's most secret core  
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.  
O give me tears to shed with thee,  
Beneath the cross on Calvary.

*Chorus.*

One more request, and I have done;  
With love of thee and thy dear Son,  
More let me burn, and more each day,  
Till love of self is burned away.

**141. OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.**

(Chapel Hymn Book, P. 52.)

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,  
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,

In all doubts, I fly to thee for guidance;

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,

Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,

By His little arms around thee twining,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,

By the tears that dim their lustre too;

By the story that these tears are telling,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

Life, alas, is often dark and dreary,  
Cheating shadows hide the truth from view,

When my soul is most perplexed and weary,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing

Be the pilot of that trembling crew,

Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

Should I ever wilfully forgetting,  
Fail to pay my God His homage due

Should I sin and live without re-  
gretting,  
Mother, tell me, what am I to  
do?

Plead my cause, for what can He  
refuse thee?

Get me back His saving grace  
anew,

Ah! I know, thou dost not wish  
to lose me,

Mother, tell me, what am I to  
do?

Be of all my friends the best and  
dearest,

O my counsellor, sincere and  
true!

Let thy voice sound always first  
and clearest,

Mother, tell me, what am I to  
do?

#### 142. HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE.

Holy Queen, we bend before thee,  
Queen of purity divine!

Make us love thee, we implore  
thee,

Make us truly to be thine.

*Chorus.*

Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother!

How to conquer ev'ry sin;

How to love and help each other;  
How the prize of life to win.

Thou to whom a child was given  
Greater than the sons of men

Coming down from highest heaven,  
To create the world again.

O, by that Almighty Maker,  
Whom thyself, a Virgin, bore!

O, by thy supreme Creator,  
Link'd with thee forevermore.

By the hope thy name inspires!

By our doom reversed thro'  
thee,

Help us, Queen of Angel choirs!  
To a blest eternity.

#### 143. BRIGHT QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Bright Queen of Heaven,

Virgin most fair,

Mary most gentle,

List to our prayer:

Mother protect us,

Aid to us bring,

Sweetly enfold us

Neath shelt'ring wing.

*Chorus.*

Star of the ocean,

Shedding soft light,

Solace in sorrow,

And rest 'mid the night;

Send in our slumbers,

Peace from above

Shine on us ever,

Bright Star of Love.

Tho' night be lonely,

Why should we fear,

While thy soft gleaming

Shineth so near;

Leading us gently,  
'Mid darkling gloom,  
Beck'ning us onward,  
To our true home.

*Chorus.*

Soon may the morrow,  
Of bright endless day,  
Chase the drear vision,  
Of dark night away:  
Waft our lone spirits  
To Heaven's bright shore,  
Where we may love thee,  
And rest ever more.

**144. THIS IS THE IMAGE OF  
OUR QUEEN.**

This is the image of our Queen,  
Who reigns in bliss above;  
Of her who is the hope of men,  
Whom men and angels love.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet,  
I bend a suppliant knee,  
(In all my joy, in all my pain)  
Pray thou to God for me.

The sacred homage that we pay  
To Mary's image here,  
To Mary's self, then on to God,  
Ascends the starry sphere.

Most holy Mary, etc.  
(In my temptations each and all.)

Sweet are the flowers we have  
culled,  
This image to adorn;

But sweeter far is Mary's self—  
That rose without a thorn.

Most holy Mary, etc.  
(When on the bed of death I  
lie.)

O Lady by the stars that make  
A glory round thy head;  
And by thy pure uplifted hands,  
That for thy children plead.

When at the Judgement Seat I  
stand,  
And my dread Saviour see;  
When Hell is raging for my soul,  
Pray thou to God to me.

**145. AVE SANCTISSIMA.**

(Christian Bros., P. 80.)

Ave Sanctissima, we lift our souls  
to thee,  
Ora pro nobis! tis nightfall on  
the sea,  
Watch us while shadows lie, far  
o'er the water spread  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,  
thine too hath bled.  
Thou that hast looked in death,  
Aid us when death is near whisper  
of heaven to faith.

Sweet mother, sweet mother,  
hear,  
Ora pro nobis, the wave must  
rock our sleep,  
Ora mater Ora, star of the deep.

Ave Sanctissima, list to thy children's prayer,  
Audi Maria! and take us to thy care.  
O thou whose virtues shine, with brightest purity,  
Come and each thought refine, till pure like thine.  
O save our souls from ill;  
Guard thou our lives from fear;  
Our hearts with pleasure fill.

Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear,  
Ora pro nobis, the wave must rock our sleep,  
Ora mater Ora, star of the deep.

#### 146. AVE MARIA.

Mother, lead us to Thy Son, Ave Maria!  
As the moments, one by one, Ave Maria!  
Gently fall upon our way,  
To our souls they seem to say,  
"God has given you this day."  
Ave Maria!

May each moment be for him, Ave Maria!  
Sunshine bright or shadow dim, Ave Maria!  
Humbly kneeling at thy feet,  
We Thy loving children meet,  
And thy blessing we entreat,  
Ave Maria!

When the weary day is done, Ave Maria!  
And the stars gleam one by one, Ave Maria!

When from out the old church tower  
Tolls the restful evening hour;  
Save us from the darkness' power, Ave Maria!

So my life shall speed away, Ave Maria!  
So will fade my little day, Ave Maria!

Mother, when my passing hour  
Tolls from out the old church tower,  
Save me by thy gracious power, Ave Maria!

#### 147. NUNC ET IN HORA MORTIS.

I know not what the years may bring,  
Nor whether the years shall be—  
The past has fled on rapid wing,  
And cannot come back to me.  
One point of time we hold in our hand,  
The minute we now draw breath—  
And we look to the point when we shall stand  
In the awful strait of death.

#### Chorus.

Pray for us now, pray for us then!  
Mother of God, Mother of men,—  
None can succor us, Lady, as thou—  
Pray for us then, pray for us now

Now when the world speaks,  
 soft and fair,  
 Now, when the flesh is frail.  
 Now, when the cross is hard to  
 bear,  
 Now, when we sink or fail:—  
 Then, when the fiends are raging  
 round,  
 Then, as life ebbs away,  
 Then, when the call of God shall  
 sound,  
 Pray for us sinners,—pray!

Now, oh! now, wheresoe'er we be,  
 Now, while we wake or sleep,  
 Now, while our thoughts are  
 far from thee,

Now, while we laugh or weep,  
 Now, as we kneel to ask a grace,  
 Now, as we toil or play,  
 Now, as we sin before thy face,—  
 Pray for us, Mother,—pray.

Then, when the friends of earth  
 are gone,

Then, when our senses sleep,  
 Then, when our soul must plunge  
 alone

Into the boundless deep:—  
 Be it soon or late, be it swift or  
 slow,

Then, then, be it night or day,  
 Howe'er that hour shall come or go,  
 Pray for us sinners,—pray.

We are sinners, and we are dust,  
 Blessed and pure art thou:—  
 In thy love we have placed our  
 trust,

Care for us then and now.  
 Every hour whose sands are run

Draws the two more nigh each  
 other,  
 Till our last "Hail Mary" makes  
 them one,  
 And we pass to thank thee,  
 Mother.

#### 148. "SEDES SAPIENTIAE."

Mary, oh! turn thine eyes upon us,  
 See us round Thy throne today,  
 Bend unto us an ear of pity,  
 Hark to Thy children as they  
 pray,  
 Be Thou a lamp unto our foot-  
 steps,  
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

#### *Chorus.*

O Seat of Wisdom, light up our  
 way,  
 Safe thro' the night-gloom into  
 the day.

O Seat of Wisdom, light up our  
 way,  
 Safe to the bright eternal day.

While 'neath Thy mantle here we  
 linger

Be Thou to us a guide and stay;  
 Make us to grow in grace and  
 knowledge,

Kindle our love from day to  
 day,

Fill us with wisdom and with  
 counsel,

O Sedes Sapientiae.

Here is our memory so wayward,  
 Ah! keep it lest it go astray,

Take Thou our intellect and  
train it

Christ's blessed teaching to obey,  
Brace up our will to perseverance,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

When round our knee the poor  
of Jesus

Gather to learn salvation's way,  
Still be Thou ever standing by us,  
Whisp'ring the words we ought  
to say;

Keep us at school with Thee for-  
ever,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest  
and labor,

Thro' sweet and bitter, sad  
and gay,

Teach unto us Thy Sons own  
lessons,

Till He shall grant our holi-  
day;

Then at the gate, ah! bid us wel-  
come,  
O Sedes Sapientiae.

#### 149. SALVE REGINA.

Hail, Queen of heaven and earth,  
O Maria!

Our one and only hope from birth!  
O Maria!

#### *Chorus*

Praise her, oh! ye cherubim,  
Love her oh! ye seraphim,  
We the while on earth shall sing  
Salve Regina.

Most queenly and most beautiful!  
O Maria!

Most tender and most merciful!  
O Maria!

O thou the fount of life and grace!  
O Maria!

The refuge of a guilty race!  
O Maria!

Sending up to thee our feeble cries!  
O Maria!

Look down on us and hear our sighs!  
O Maria!

And when our exile here is done!  
O Maria!

Then show us to thy Blessed Son!  
O Maria!

#### 150. CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE.

(Holiday Hymn.)

Mother of all that is pure and  
glad,

All that is bright and blest,  
As we have taken our toil to Thee  
So we shall take our rest,  
Take Thou and bless our holiday,  
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Airs that are soft and a cloud-  
less sky,

We would owe all to Thee,  
Speak to Thy Son as thou did'st  
of old,

That feast day in Galilee,  
Tell Him our needs in Thine  
own sweet way,  
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.



Be with us, Mother, from morn  
till eve,  
Thou and Thy Blessed Son,  
Keep us from all that is grief to  
you,  
Till the months are run.  
Thine be we still, when grave or  
gay,  
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Smile upon all that is dear to us,  
Smile on our school and home,  
Smile on the days we are pass-  
ing now,  
Smile on the years to come,  
Brighten our work and gladden  
our play,  
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Keep us in all that is blest of  
God,  
Give us the joys that endure,  
Lips that have smiles and words  
for all,  
Hearts that are kind and pure;  
So wilt Thou be by night and  
day,  
Our Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Come when earth's tears and  
smiles are o'er,  
Mother of peace and love,  
Show to us Him who is joy to  
earth,  
And joy to the hosts above,  
So shall we laugh in the latter  
day,  
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

151. JANUA COELI.

Queen and Mother, many hearts  
Cast themselves before Thy  
throne,  
But we call ourselves by right,  
Very specially Thine own.  
Oh, then be to each one here—  
The gate of Heaven, O Mother  
dear.

We have pledged ourselves to fight  
In the battles of Thy Son;  
We would pass by Thee to Him,  
When the dusty fight is won.  
Be to all enlisted here  
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother  
dear.

And we too must pass away,  
Others then shall take our  
place,  
Kneel around Thine image fair,  
Look into Thine upturned face.  
Be to all who enter here  
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother  
dear.

Thou unto the King of Kings  
Wert a gate to earth and us;  
We must go to Christ through  
Thee,  
We can reach Him only thus.  
O be Thou to one here  
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother  
dear.

When the midnight cry is heard,  
Do not let us be too late,  
Do not let Thy children call,

"Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate."  
But, because we loved Thee here,  
Let us in, O Mother dear.

## 152. OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!  
O! bless us as we pray,  
And offer Thee our roses,  
In garlands, day by day;  
While from our Father's Garden,  
With loving hearts and bold,  
We gather to Thine honor,  
Buds white, and red, and gold.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!  
Each mystery blends with  
Thine,  
The sacred life of Jesus,  
In every step divine.  
Thy soul was His fair garden,  
Thy Virgin breast His Throne,  
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror  
Reflecting Him alone.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary,  
White roses let us bring,  
And lay them round Thy foot-  
stool,  
Before our infant King.  
For nestling in Thy bosom  
God's Son was fain to be,  
The Child of Thy obedience  
And spotless purity.

Dear Lady of the Rosary,  
Red roses cast we down  
But let Thy fingers weave them  
Into a worthy crown.  
For how can we poor sinners

Do aught but weep with Thee  
When in Thy train we follow  
Our God to Calvary.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary,  
What radiancy of love,  
What splendor and what glory  
Surround Thy court above!  
Oh! in Thy tender pity,  
Dear source of love untold,  
Refuse not this, our offering,  
Our flowers white, red, and gold.

## 153. OUR LADY OF THE WAY-SIDE.

Mother! Mother I am coming  
Home to Jesus and to Thee;  
But my Country's Hills are dis-  
tant,  
And their light I cannot see;  
Mother harken as I pray,  
Meet me on my homeward way,  
Meet me, Mother mine, today.

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,  
I can see no sun or star,  
And the road is rough and nar-  
row,  
And the end seems very far;  
Lest perchance my feet should  
stray,  
Meet me, Mother, on my way,  
Meet me, Mother mine, today.

I must cross the burning desert,  
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,  
Fill Thy vessel at the fountain  
Of Thy Son's sweet Heart Di-  
vine;

Lest I faint upon the way,  
Tender Mother, stoop I pray,  
Give my soul to drink today.

Do not wait until tomorrow,  
For I need Thee here and now;  
Wait not till I come to meet Thee—  
Rather, Mother, meet me Thou.  
Oh! in all I do or say,  
Come and meet me on my way,  
Mother Mary, every day.

#### 154. THE THOUGHT STEALS O'ER ME.

The thought steals o'er me as I  
kneel

Before thy Son and thee,  
That thou must suffer all thy life,  
And He must die—for me.  
I look upon that lovely Face,  
Those eyes so sweet and mild,  
And gather courage as I gaze  
Upon the Holy Child.

His little arm thrown round thy  
neck,

As if to soothe thy fears,  
Shows that thine Infant Son is  
grieved

To see His Mother's tears.  
He knows that Simeon's prophecy  
Rings ever in thy mind:  
The sword has opened thy large  
heart

To shelter all mankind.

Here may the weary mother come  
With her domestic cares;  
Here may the anxious father seek  
Advice in grave affairs.

The weeping child, too, runs to  
thee

In sorrow and in pain;—  
No little one will have recourse  
To Mary's heart in vain.

Then for my Guide and Advocate,  
Whom fitter could I choose,  
Than one who never asks a thing  
That Jesus can refuse?  
Dear Mother, whisper to thy Son  
A little prayer for me,  
Thou knowest better far than I  
What that request should be.

#### 155. O PRAISE OUR SPOTLESS MOTHER.

Holy Mary, Mother mild,  
O sweetest Mother!  
Hear, O hear thy feeble child,  
O sweetest Mother!

#### *Chorus.*

Praise her, O ye Cherubim  
Love her, O ye Seraphim!  
Praise her, love her!  
Oh, praise our spotless Mother.

Toss'd upon life's stormy sea,  
O dearest Mother!  
Cast thy tender eyes on me,  
O dearest Mother!

Brightest in the courts above  
O fairest Mother!  
Joy of Angels, Queen of Love,  
O fairest Mother!

Maiden Mother, hear our prayer,  
O purest Mother!  
Prove to us thy loving care,  
O purest Mother!

When the sands of life are run,  
O loving Mother!  
Show to us thy Blessed Son,  
O loving Mother!

**156. HAIL, HOLY VIRGIN  
MARY, HAIL.**

(School Recreations.)

Hail, holy Virgin Mary, hail!  
Whose tender mercies never fail;  
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,  
Of purity the spotless shrine,  
Mother of God, with virtues  
crowned,  
Most faithful, powerful, renowned,  
Deign from thy throne to look on  
me,  
And listen to my Litany.

Mirror of justice and of joy,  
Wisdom itself without alloy,  
Vessel of honor and of grace,  
Beholding Jesus face to face,  
Mystical Rose, of rich perfume,  
Beauty of beauties, bathed in bloom,  
Deign from thy throne to look on  
me,  
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower beyond com-  
pare,  
Like that of David, yet more rare,  
Palace of peace and house of gold,  
Ark of the Covenant of old,

Gate of that Heaven beheld afar,  
And of dark night the morning  
Star,  
Deign from thy throne to look on  
me,  
And listen to my Litany.

**157. OH, BEAUTIFUL THOU  
ART.**

(May Blossoms.)

Oh, beautiful thou art,  
Our sweet Virgin Queen;  
Come reign within my heart  
Peaceful and serene.  
See with love now thrilling  
All thy children's hearts,  
Joy each breast is filling,  
Sadness now departs.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Oh, list to strains now swelling;  
Even to thy throne,  
Oh, call us from this dwelling,  
Leave us not alone.  
Mother ever holy,  
Hear us while we pray;  
Virgin, pure and lowly,  
With us ever stay.

Ah, when we're sad and weary,  
Tired of life and sin,  
And when the way looks dreary  
Haste thy child to win;  
When death lays his finger  
On our icy brow,  
Oh, then, near us linger,  
Linger then as now.

## 158. HAIL, HOLY QUEEN.

(Peter's Vocal Class Book.)

Hail, holy Queen, loved Mother,  
to thee,  
We weak, erring mortals in safety  
can flee;  
O'er sin and temptation salvation  
is won,  
Thou interceding with Jesus, thy  
Son.

*Chorus.*

Virgin most pure, without spot,  
without stain,  
Thine were all sorrows, anguish,  
and pain.

Sweet bells are pealing through  
eve's rosy air;  
Sancta Regina, oh, list to our pray-  
er,  
Falling night's shadows o'er val-  
ley and sea,  
Bright Star of evening, our thoughts  
turn to thee.

*Chorus.*

Shield us, loved Mother, in peril's  
dread hour,  
Pray for thy children, and sweet  
blessings pour.  
Like the lone star, whose bright  
beaming ray  
Guided the Sages their devious  
way,  
Where on thy bosom was nestled  
the dove,  
While angels, rejoicing, smiled from  
above.

*Chorus.*

Bright Star of evening, our dark  
gloom dispel,  
Guide us to heaven with Jesus to  
dwell.

## 159. QUEEN OF THE SKIES.

Queen of the skies, so brightly fair,  
So mild, so chaste, and meek.  
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,  
Thy children frail and weak.

(Repeat.)

Behold our prayers like incense rise,  
Queen of the skies,  
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the  
skies.

The shadows of a sinful earth  
Are hov'ring o'er our way,  
Oh! thou who gav'st a Saviour  
birth,

Be thou our guide and stay,  
(Repeat.)

Oh, turn on us thy loving eyes,  
Queen of the skies,  
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the  
skies:

The perfumed wreath for thee we've  
twined,  
To thee our voices raise,  
And round thy chaste and holy  
shrine  
We hymn our notes of praise.

(Repeat.)

Oh! hear our prayers, behold our  
sighs,  
Queen of the skies,  
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the  
skies.

160. OUR LADY OF PER-  
PETUAL SUCCOR.

Mary, from thy Sacred Image,  
With those eyes so sadly sweet,  
Mother of Perpetual Succor!  
See us kneeling at thy feet.  
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,  
Source of all thy joy and woe;  
What thy bliss, how deep thy  
sorrows,  
Mother, thou alone can'st know.

On thy face He is not gazing,  
Nor on us is turned His glance;  
For His anxious look He fixes  
On the Cross, the Reed, the  
Lance,  
To thy hand His hands are clinging,  
As a child would cling, in fear  
Of that Vision of the torments  
Of His Passion drawing near.

And for Him thine eyes are plead-  
ing,  
While to us they look and cry  
"Sinners, spare my Child! your  
Saviour  
Seek not still to crucify."  
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet  
Mother!

But, poor sinners, we are weak;  
At thy feet, thy helpless children  
Thy perpetual succor seek.

Succor us when clouds of sadness  
Hide the light of Heaven above  
Hope expires, and Faith scarce  
lingers,  
And we dare not think we love;—  
In that hour of gloom and peril

Show to us thy radiant face,  
Smiling down from thy loved Image  
Rays of cheering light and grace.

Succor us, when stormy passions  
Sudden rise within the heart;  
Quell the tempest, calm the bil-  
lows,  
Peace secure to us impart.  
Through this life of weary exile  
Succor us, in every need;  
And when death shall come to  
free us  
Succor us, ah, then, indeed.

161. HAIL, HEAVENLY QUEEN!

Hail, heavenly queen! hail, foamy  
ocean's star!  
Oh! be our guide, diffuse thy beams  
afar.  
Hail, mother of God, above all  
virgins blest!  
Hail, happy gate of heaven's eternal  
rest!  
Hail, foamy ocean's star! hail,  
heavenly queen!  
Oh, be our guide to endless joys  
unseen!

Hail, full of grace, with Gabriel  
we repeat,  
Thee queen of heaven, from him  
we learn to greet.  
Then give us peace, which heaven  
alone can give,  
And, dead through Eve, through  
Mary let us live.  
Hail, foamy ocean's star! etc.

Oh, break our chains; thy guilty  
slaves release:

Oh, give us light, and let our blind-  
ness cease:

Let every ill that preys upon our  
hearts

Fly at thy voice, which every good  
imparts.

Hail foamy ocean's star! etc.

Thy children say: O gracious  
mother; hear,

From brimful eyes, oh, deign to  
wipe the tear;

Our anxious prayers to God, thy  
Son, present,

Whose life and blood for sinful  
men were spent.

Hail, foamy ocean's star! etc.

## 162. 'TIS THE MONTH OF OUR MOTHER.

'Tis the month of our mother,  
The blessed and beautiful days,

When our lips and our spirits  
Are glowing with love and  
with praise.

*Chorus.*

All hail! to dear Mary,  
The guardian of our way!

To the fairest of Queens  
Be the fairest of seasons—  
sweet May.

Oh! what peace to her children,  
'Mid sorrow and trials to know  
That the love of their mother

Hath ever a solace for woe.

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

And what joy to the erring,  
The sinful and sorrowful soul;  
That a trust in her guidance  
Will lead to a glorious goal!

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

Let us sing then, rejoicing  
That God hath so honored our  
race,

As to clothe with our nature  
Sweet Mary, the Mother of Grace.

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

And now here at her altars,  
Let pride and unkindness de-  
part,

For she loves not the praises  
Of a proud or selfish heart.

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

But bring flowers of purity,  
Meekness, patience and love,  
They are garlands unfading,  
The blossoms which open  
above.

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

And the heart of our mother  
Will glow with a hallowed de-  
light,

And the buds of this May-time  
No winds of the winter can  
blight.

*Chorus—All hail! etc.*

# 163. AVE MARIS STELLA.

School Recreations, P. 44.

Bright mother of our Maker,  
hail!

Thou Virgin ever blessed,  
The ocean's star by which we  
sail,  
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this Ave thus to thee  
From Gabriel's mouth rehearse,  
Prevail that peace our lot may be,  
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind  
From all the snares of ill;  
With heavenly light instruct the  
blind.

And all our vows fulfil.

Exert for us a mother's care,  
And us thy children own;  
Prevail with him to hear our  
prayer,  
Who chose to be thy Son.

O spotless maid! whose virtues  
shine,  
With brightest purity,  
Each action of our lives refine,  
And make us pure like thee.

Preserve our lives unstained with ill,  
In this infectious way,  
That heaven alone our souls  
may fill.  
With joys that ne'er decay.

To God the Father, endless praise,  
To God the Son, the same,  
And Holy Ghost, whose equal  
rays  
One equal glory claim. Amen.

# 164. RESPICE STELLAM VOCA MARIAM.

Drear is the nightfall, lonely we  
roam,  
Wandering exiles far from our  
home,  
Borne on the billows of life's  
stormy sea,  
Bright star of heaven, our trust  
is in thee,  
When night falls drearily,  
When life flows wearily  
Respite Stellam Voca Mariam.

Winds of affliction raise their  
rude blast,  
Ruffling the ocean whereon we  
are cast,  
Waves of temptation mountain-  
like roll  
Neath their dark billows sink-  
ing the soul.  
Fear not, but gaze afar  
On the soft shining star,  
Respite Stellam Voca Mariam.

When shall lone spirits sorrow  
no more?  
When shall our aching eyes gaze  
on the shore?  
Oh, for the twilight to break  
through the gloom.



Oh, for the rest of our only true home.

Stay, mourner, stay thy fears,  
Joy shall dry up thy tears,  
Respice Stellam Voca Mariam.

#### 165. FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, the last  
beam is shining

Ave Maria! day is declining;

Safty and innocence fly with  
the light,

Temptation and danger walk forth  
in the light;

From the fall of the shade, till  
the matin shall chime,

Shield us from danger, and save  
us from crime.

Ave Maria, audi nos!

Ave Maria! O hear when we call!  
Mother of him who is Saviour of  
all!

Feeble and fearing, we trust in  
thy might;

In doubting and darkness, thy  
love be our light

Let us sleep on thy breast while  
the night taper burns,

And wake in thine arms when  
the morning returns.

Ave Maria, audi nos!

#### 166. AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

As the dewy shades of evening  
Gather o'er the balmy air;

Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,  
Listen to our vesper pray'r.

Holy Mother! near me hover,  
Free my thoughts from aught  
defiled;

With thy wings of mercy cover—  
Keep from sin thy helpless  
child.

Thine own sinless heart was  
broken,

Sorrow's sword had pierced its  
core;

Holy Mother! by thy token,  
Now thy pity I implore.

Queen of Heaven, guard and guide  
me,

Save my soul from dark de-  
spair;

In thy tender bosom hide me,  
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

#### 167. MATER CHRISTI.

Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,

What shall I ask of Thee?

I do not sigh for the wealth of  
earth,

For the joys that fade and flee;  
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,

This do I long to see,  
The Bliss untold which Thine  
arms enfold,

The Treasure upon Thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,

He was All-in-all to Thee—  
In the Winter's Cave in Naza-  
reth's Home,

In the hamlets of Galilee.  
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
He will not say nay to Thee;  
When He lifts His face to Thy  
sweet embrace,  
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
The world will bid Him flee—  
Too busy to heed His gentle  
voice,  
Too blind His charms to see—  
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother  
of Christ,  
Come with Thy Babe to me,  
Tho' the world be cold, my heart  
shall hold  
A shelter for Him and Thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
What shall I do for Thee?  
I will love Thy Son with the whole  
of my strength,  
My only King shall He be.  
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother  
of Christ,  
This will I do for Thee,  
Of all that are dear or cherished  
here,  
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of  
Christ,  
I toss on a stormy sea;  
Oh, lift Thy child as a Beacon-  
light  
To the Port where I fain  
would be,

And, Mother of Christ, Mother  
of Christ,  
This do I ask of Thee,—  
When the voyage is o'er, oh,  
stand on the shore,  
And show Him at last to me.

## 168. OUR LADY OF HELP.

Mother dearest, Mother fairest,  
Help of all who call on thee;  
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,  
Help us, help, we cry to thee.

### *Chorus.*

Mary, help us, help we pray;  
Mary, help us, help we pray.  
Help us in all care and sorrow  
Mary, help us, help we pray.

Lady, help in pain and sorrow,  
Soothe those racked on bed of  
pain,  
May the golden light of morrow,  
Bring them health and joy  
again.

Mother, help the absent loved  
ones,  
Ah, we miss their presence  
here,  
Help our father, friend, our brother,  
Help them, guard them far and  
near.

Help our priests, our virgins lowly,  
Help our Pope, long may he  
reign,  
Pray that we who sing thy praises  
May in Heaven all meet again.

**169. ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.**

On this day, O beautiful mother,  
On this day we give thee our  
love,  
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we  
hover,  
Trusting thy gentle care to  
prove.

On this day we ask to snare,  
Dearest mother, thy sweet care.  
Aid us, ere our feet astray,  
Wander from thy guiding way.  
On this day, etc.

Queen of angels, deign to hear—  
Lisping children's humble prayer;  
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,  
Sweetly to thyself allure.  
On this day, etc.

Rose of Sharon, lovely flower,  
Beauteous bud of Eden's bower,  
Cherished Lily of the Vale,  
Virgin, mother, queen, we hail.  
On this day, etc.

In vain the flowers of love we  
bring,  
In vain sweet music's notes we  
sing,  
If contrite heart and lowly prayer  
Guide not our gifts to thy bright  
sphere.  
On this day, etc.

Fast our days of life we run,  
Soon the night of death will come,

Tower of Strength in that dread  
hour,  
Come with all thy gentle power.

On this day, O beautiful mother,  
On this day we give thee our  
love,  
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we  
hover,  
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

**170. O BLEST FOR E'ER THE MOTHER.**

O blest for e'er the mother,  
And Virgin full of grace,  
Who bore our God! our Brotner!  
The Savior of our race.  
Sweet Jesus! low before thee,  
We bend in fear and love!  
O, grant we may adore thee,  
In thy bright realms above.  
Sweet Jesus, etc.

Pure as the light of heaven,  
In meekness nearest thee,  
Tis' thou hast Mary given,  
Our guide, our friend to be.  
Sweet Mother! tears are falling,  
From hearts that love thy Son:  
Then hear thy children calling  
On thee, and bless thy own.  
Sweet Mother, etc.

**171. MEMORARE.**

Remember, oh, remember,  
Sweet Mother, none can say,  
That thou the suppliant from thy  
feet,

Didst coldly turn away;  
 Though sinful, sad and weary,  
 This thought dost trust re-  
 store,  
 And bending low before thy  
 throne,  
 Compassion I implore.

*Chorus.*

Then, Mary, star of the Sea,  
 We pray, we pray to thee.  
 (Repeat.)

Remember, oh, remember,  
 Thy Son has given to thee  
 The souls for whom He bled and  
 died.

Thy children aye to be.  
 Then place within His wounded  
 Heart,

The names of all I love,  
 And in that hour which seals  
 their fate

Pray thou to God above.

*Chorus.*

**172. O VISION BRIGHT.**

O vision bright! the glorious land  
 of light

Beams golden beyond the  
 cloudless sky;

'Mid heavenly fires, above all  
 angels' choirs,

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,  
 reigns on high.

*Refrain.*

O vision bright! angels' delight,

Mary sits enthroned with Jesus  
 nigh;  
 Where brighter far than either  
 moon or star,  
 Sweet Mary, our dear mother,  
 reigns on high.

O vision bright; in gentle, loving  
 flight,

The Dove around his cherished  
 Spouse doth fly:

Where in that height of mercy's  
 gentle might,

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,  
 reigns on high.

O vision bright; life's darkest,  
 coldest night,

Is fair as summer dawn when  
 she is nigh,

Then swell the song with all the  
 heavenly throng;

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,  
 reigns on high.

**173. DAILY HYMN TO MARY.**

Mary, dearest Mother, from thy  
 heavenly height,

Look on us, thy children, lost in  
 earth's dark night.

Oh, we pray thee loved Mary,  
 Mary, fondly we entreat,

Guide us to our sweet  
 Saviour, we entreat thee,

Leave us at His feet.

Mary, shield us from danger,  
 Keep our souls from sin.

Help thy exiled children,  
Heaven at last to win.

Oh! we love thee, Mary,  
Trusting all to thee;  
What is past or present,  
What is yet to be.

Mother of our Saviour,  
Hear our pleading prayer,  
Take us 'neath thy mantle,  
Hide, oh, hide us there.

**174. WILT THOU LOOK UPON  
ME, MOTHER.**

(May Chimes.)

Wilt thou look upon me, Mother,  
Thou who reignest in the skies,  
Wilt thou deign to cast upon me  
One sweet glance from those  
mild eyes.

*Chorus*

O my Mother, Mary, still re-  
member,  
What the sainted Bernard said,  
"None have ever found thee want-  
ing,  
Who have called upon thy aid."  
(Repeat last two lines.)

Wilt thou, Mother, hover ever  
On my pathway, still to guide;  
Wilt thou whisper kind directions  
To the angel at my side.

Wilt thou pray for me to Jesus,  
That His will I e'er may know,  
Wilt thou tell me then His pleasure  
That I e'er may to it bow.

Oh, then, Mother, I petition,  
And I know thy aid will come;  
Angels praise thee for it, Mother  
In thy everlasting home.

**175. MOTHER MARY, AH,  
HOW BLISSFUL.**

Mother Mary, ah! how blissful  
Is thy sweet and cherished  
name,  
'Tis a music most delicious  
That our hearts with love in-  
flame.

When the tempter comes to rob  
us  
Of God's holy grace divine,  
Sweetest Mother, we'll invoke thee  
By that powerful name of thine

And when death's dark anger  
hovers  
O'er us, in life's parting hour,  
Should our souls in anguish shud-  
der,  
Make us feel thy heavenly power.

Soothe, ah, soothe our dying  
moments,  
Let us see thy lovely face;  
Leave us not, sweet, powerful  
Mother,  
Let us die in thy embrace.

**176. CONSECRATION TO  
MARY.**

Mother Mary! at thine altar  
We, thy loving children, kneel;  
With a faith that cannot falter,  
To thy goodness we appeal.  
We are seeking for a mother  
O'er the earth so waste and  
wide,  
And from off His cross, our Brother  
Points to Mary by His side.

We have seen thy picture often,  
With thy little Babe in arms,  
And it ever seemed to soften  
All our sorrows with its charms.  
So we want thee for our Mother,  
In thy gentle arms to rest,  
And to share with Him, our  
Brother,  
That sweet pillow on thy breast.

Mother Mary! to thy keeping  
Soul and body we confide,  
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,  
To be ever at thy side;  
Cares that vex us, joys that please  
us,  
Life and death we trust to thee;  
Thou must make them all for  
Jesus,  
And for all eternity.

**177. PRAYER AGAINST TEMP-  
TATION.**

Oh, Mary! Mother Mary,  
We place our trust in thee—

Our faith shall never vary,  
Though weak the flesh may  
be.

Too oft with steps unwary,  
From duty's path we've bent:  
Oh, Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thou teach us to repent.

From dangerous occasions,  
That blind imprudent eyes—  
From treacherous persuasions  
That point not to the skies—  
From mirth too light and airy,  
From thought too sad and  
deep!

Oh, Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thy little children keep.

Let us remember ever  
The presence of the Lord;  
To serve him let's endeavor  
In thought, in deed, in word.  
As monster, or as fairy,  
Satan may take the field—  
But Mary! Mother Mary!  
Thy name will be our shield.

**178. MAIDEN MOTHER,  
MEEK AND MILD.**

Maiden Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, O guard thy little child;  
All my life, O let it be  
My best joy to think of thee.

When my eyes are closed in sleep,  
Through the night my slumbers  
keep;  
Make my latest thought to be  
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam  
bright

Calls me with its golden light,  
How my waking thoughts may be  
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the  
day,

Oft to raise my heart and say,  
Maiden Mother, meek and mild,  
Guard, oh, guard thy little child.

Thus, sweet Mother, day and  
night

Thou shalt guide my steps a-  
right;

And my dying words shall be,  
Virgin Mother, pray for me.

### 179. HAIL VIRGIN! DEAREST MARY.

Hail Virgin, dearest Mary,  
Our lovely Queen of May,  
O spotless, blessed Lady,  
Our lovely Queen of May.

*Solo*

Thy children humbly bending,  
Around thy shrine so dear,  
With heart and voice ascending,  
Sweet Mary, hear our prayer.

Behold earth's blossoms springing  
In beauteous form and hue;  
All nature gladly bringing  
Her sweetest charms to you.

We'll gather fresh, bright flowers  
To bind our fair Queen's brow;

From gay and verdant bowers  
We haste to crown thee now.

And now our blessed Mother,  
Smile on our festal day;  
Accept our wreath of flowers,  
And be our Queen of May.

### 180. MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME.

Mother dear, O pray for me,  
Whilst far from Heav'n and thee,  
I wander in a fragile bark  
O'er life's tempestuous sea.  
O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,  
So bright in bliss above,  
Protect thy child, and cheer my  
path

With thy sweet smile of love.  
Mother dear, remember me;  
Never cease thy care,  
Till in Heaven eternally,  
Thy love and bliss I share.

Mother dear, O pray for me,  
Should pleasure's siren lay  
E'er tempt thy child to wander  
far

From Virtue's path away;  
When thorns beset life's devious  
way,

And darling waters flow,  
Then, Mary, aid thy weeping  
child,

Thyself a Mother show,  
Mother dear, etc.

Mother dear, O pray for me,  
When all looks bright and fair,  
That I may all my danger see

For surely then 'tis near.  
A Mother's pray'r how much we  
    need,  
If prosperous be the ray  
That paints with gold the flow'ry  
    mead,  
Which blossoms in our way.  
    Mother dear, etc.

### 181. HEART OF MARY.

O heart of Mary! pure and fair,  
There is no stain in Thee;  
In Adam's fall thou hast no  
    share;  
From sin's control thou'rt free.

#### *Chorus.*

O heart of Mary! pure and fair,  
No beauty can with thine compare!  
From every stain of sin thou'rt free;  
O make us pure in heart like thee.

As some fair lily midst the thorns,  
Thou 'mongst Eve's daughters  
    art;  
Celestial purity adorns  
Thy crystal depth's chaste heart.

As children to their mother flee  
When storm-clouds darkly lower,  
So loving hearts will haste to thee  
In sad affliction's hour.

Sweet Heart, within thy depths  
so chaste

We'll dwell and ne'er depart,  
Till thou our souls hast deeply  
    placed  
In Jesus' Sacred Heart.

And when from thy loved heart  
we'll go,  
To that of thy dear Son,  
O shall we leave thee then—Ah,  
    no,  
His Heart and thine are one.

### 182. MARY, THE FLOWER OF GOD.

O Flower of Grace! divinest Flower!  
God's light thy light, God's love  
    the dower!  
That all alone with virgin ray  
Dost make in Heaven eternal  
    May.  
Sweet falls the peerless dignity  
Of God's eternal choice on thee.

#### *Chorus.*

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!  
Maiden purest, Maiden rarest!  
Help of earth and joy of heaven!  
Love and praise to thee be given,  
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

Choice Flower! that bloomest on  
the breast  
Of Jesus which is now thy rest,  
As thine was once the chosen  
    bed  
Of His dear Heart, and sacred  
Head:



O Mary! sweet it is to see  
Thy Son's creation graced by thee!

O queenly Flower! enthroned above  
The trophy of Almighty love!  
Ah me! how He hath hung thee  
    round  
With all love-tokens that abound  
With God's own light—Beyond the  
    reach  
Of Angel song, or mortal speech!

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!  
Elected for His inmost bower!  
Where angels come not, there art  
    thou.  
A crown of glory on thy brow;  
While far below, all bright and  
    brave,  
Their gleamy palms, the ran-  
    somed wave.

Yet thou didst bloom on earth at  
    first,  
In meekness proved, in sorrow  
    nursed;  
And heaven must own its debt to  
    earth,  
Sweet Flower! for thy surpassing  
    worth;  
And Angels for their queen's dear  
    sake,  
Our road to thee more smooth  
    shall make.

O help of Christians! mercy laden!  
O blissful Mother! blissful Maiden!

O sinless! were it not for thee,  
There were in faith no liberty,  
To hold that God could stoop so  
    low,  
Or love His sinful creatures so.

O Mary! when we think of thee,  
Our hearts grow light as light  
    can be;  
For thou hast felt as we have felt,  
And thou hast knelt as we have  
    knelt—  
And so it is that utterly,  
Mother of God! we trust in thee.

### 183. ANNUNCIATION HYMN.

The day is o'er, the moon serenely  
    beaming  
In silver light hath field and  
    forest drest—  
A thousand twinkling stars are  
    gently gleaming—  
The world is hushed, and all  
    is laid to rest.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of  
    grace!

Save one, who wakeful in her  
    lonely dwelling—  
Of Juda born a stem of Jesse's  
    rod—  
A virgin pure, all others far ex-  
    celling,  
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer  
    to God.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of  
    grace!

The while she prays, behold the  
    silence broken;

She starts—a look of fear o'er-  
spreads her face;  
She hears—till then to mortal ears  
unspoken,  
Those words of love, Hail Mary,  
full of grace!  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of  
grace!

Fear not—the Lord is with Thee,  
thou are chosen  
The Virgin Mother of thy God  
to be;  
And many a heart in sin and  
guilt now frozen,  
Shall melt beneath the sunbeams  
born of thee.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of  
grace!

O spouse of God! O Queen of  
Earth and Heaven!  
O Holy Mother of the Incarnate  
Word!  
In marked accents was thy answer  
given,  
Behold the willing handmaid of  
the Lord.  
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of  
grace!

#### 184. LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.

Look down, O Mother Mary,  
From thy bright throne above,  
Cast down on thy children  
One only glance of love.  
And if a heart so tender,  
With pity flows not o'er,

Then turn away, O Mother,  
And look on us no more.

See how ingrate and guilty,  
We stand before thy Son;  
His loving heart reproaches  
The evil we have done.

But if thou wilt appease Him,  
Speak for us but one word;  
Thou only canst obtain us  
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest mother,  
If thou wouldst have us live,  
Say that we are thy children.  
And then He will forgive.

Our sins make us unworthy  
That title still to bear;  
But thou art still our Mother,  
Then show a mother's care.

Open to us thy mantle,  
There stay we without fear;  
What evil can befall us,  
If, Mother, thou art near?

Oh, sweetest, dearest Mother,  
Thy sinful children save;  
Look down on us with pity,  
Who thy protection crave.

#### 184A. ORA PRO ME.

Ave Maria! bright and pure,  
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray;  
Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim  
On his long and dreary way;  
Fears and perils are around me,

Ave Maria, bright and pure,  
Ora pro me, Ora pro me.

Ave Maria! queen of heav'n,  
Teach, oh! teach me to obey;  
Lead me on through fierce temptations,  
Stand and meet me in the way.  
When I fall and faint, my Mother,

Ave Maria, etc.

Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,  
Art my strong support and stay,  
Fear nor feel the threefold danger  
Standing forth in dread array;  
Now and ever shield and guard  
me,

Ave Maria, etc.

When my eyes are slowly closing,  
And I fade from earth away,  
And when Death, the stern destroyer,  
Claims my body as his prey,  
Claims my soul, and then, sweet  
Mary,

Ave Maria, etc.

## 185. MAY HYMN.

The sun is shining brightly,  
The trees are clothed in green;  
The beauteous bloom of flowers,  
On ev'ry side is seen.  
The trees are gold and emerald,  
And all the world is gay,  
For 'tis the Month of Mary,  
The lovely Month of May.

## Chorus.

Mary, dear Mother,  
We sing a hymn to thee,  
Thou art the Queen of Heaven,  
Thou, too, our Queen shalt be,  
Oh! rule us and guide us unto  
Eternity.

There's music in the heavens,  
The birds are singing there,  
And nature's songs and praises  
Are sounding through the air.  
But we with hearts rejoicing  
With joy we sing today,  
For 'tis the Month of Mary,  
The lovely Month of May.

And when night closes o'er us,  
And twinkling stars appear,  
And the chaste moon calmly  
reigneth,  
In skies so bright and clear;  
Oh, how that sight reminds us  
Of heaven far away,  
Where reigns o'er saints and angels  
Our lovely Queen of May.

## 186. TO THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.

Mary! how sweetly falls that word,  
On my enraptured ear;  
Oft do I breathe in accents low  
That sound when none are near.

*Chorus.*

Sing, O my lips, and loudly proclaim,  
O Mary, how sweet is thy name.

Sweet as the warbling of a bird,  
Sweet as a mother's voice,  
So sweet to me is that dear name,  
It makes my soul rejoice.

Bright as the glittering stars appear,  
Bright as the moonbeams shine,  
So bright in my mind's eye is seen  
Thy loveliness divine!

Through thee I offer my requests;  
And when my prayer is done,  
In ecstasy sublime I see  
Thee seated near thy Son.

**187. HAIL, QUEEN OF  
HEAVEN.**

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean  
star,  
Guide to the wand'rer here below,  
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy  
care,  
Save us from peril and from woe.  
Mother of Christ, Star of the  
sea,  
Pray for the wanderer, pray  
for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless maid,

We sinners make our prayer through  
thee:

Remind thy Son that He has paid  
The price of our iniquity.  
Virgin most pure, Star of the  
sea,  
Pray for the sinner, pray for  
me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,  
To thee, blest advocate, we cry:  
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,  
And soothe with hope our misery.  
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,  
Pray for the mourner, pray for  
me.

And while to Him who reigns above,  
In Godhead one, in Persons three,  
The source of life, of grace, of love,  
Homage we pay on bended knee,  
Do thou, bright Queen, Star  
of the sea,  
Pray for thy children, pray for  
me.

**188. GLORIOUS MOTHER.**

Glorious Mother! from high heaven,  
Down upon thy children gaze,  
Gathered in thy own loved season  
Thee to bless and thee to praise.

*Chorus.*

See, sweet Mary, on thy altars,  
Bloom the fairest buds of May.  
Oh! may we, earth's sons and  
daughters,  
Grow, by grace, as pure as  
they.

Earth is darksome, we are weary,  
Satan setteth snares for all,  
Pray for us, oh! tender Mary,  
Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.  
*Chorus.*

Many call upon thee, Mother,  
Some in manhood, strong in  
youth,  
Some in age, in tender child-  
hood—  
ALL in loving faith and truth.  
*Chorus.*

Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,  
In this blessed month of thine,  
Raise thy pure hands up to bless  
us,  
As we linger round thy shrine.  
*Chorus.*

Bless. oh, bless us, now and ever,  
Thou who once the dark earth  
trod,  
And when dying, waft our spirits  
To the bosom of our God.  
*Chorus.*

**189. MATER ADMIRABILIS.**

O Mater Admirabilis!  
Pure, spotless, undefiled,

The fairest flower e'er bloomed  
Upon earth's cheerless wild.  
O Mater Admirabilis!  
Thou art the mystic dove,  
"All fair," the "one immaculate."  
The delight of Heaven above!

*Chorus.*

O Mater Admirabilis!  
Our life, our hope, most sweet;  
Oh! ever smile upon us,  
Mater Admirabilis!

O Mater Admirabilis!  
Archangel's lips proclaim thee  
All filled with grace divinest,  
And blessed among thy race.  
Upon thy peerless beauty  
Enraptured seraphs gaze,  
And, with harmonious music,  
Bright angels chant thy praise.

With beams of mildest radiance,  
Sweet, gentle Star, oh, guide us!  
Through life's dark way illumine us,  
Mater Admirabilis!  
Sweet Mater Admirabilis,  
Oh, make us pure of heart,  
That in thy rapturous bliss  
With Jesus we may have part.

When life's last tide's fast ebbing,  
Mater Admirabilis,  
Oh, may thy name delicious  
Be upon our dying lips;  
O Mater Admirabilis,  
Receive our love today,  
Sweet loving Mother, listen,  
And to Jesus for us pray!

## 190. MATER ADMIRABILIS.

Thou hast many portraits, Mother,  
 All of them are dear to us,  
 But Thy children chiefly love  
 Thee,  
 In thy girlhood's beauty, thus;  
 And Thy sweetest title this,  
 Mater Admirabilis.

Near Thee blooms the spotless  
 lily,  
 Emblem of Thy brightest grace,  
 And Thy sinless soul is shining  
 In Thy modest downcast face,  
 Make us like to Thee in this.  
 Mater Admirabilis.

Open book and distaff tell us  
 Thou hast labored, too, as we;  
 Let our hand and mind, sweet  
 Mother,  
 Work for Jesus and for Thee;  
 Make us Thine—and therefore  
 His—  
 Mater Admirabilis.

## 191. IMMACULATA.

O Mary dear, thy children here  
 Thy lovely shrine surround;  
 When day's calm hours, like  
 folded flow'rs,  
 In fragrant dews, are drown'd.

*Chorus.*

O Virgin pure, O Mary blest,  
 We'll murmur through our peace-  
 ful rest.

Immaculata, Immaculata, Immac-  
 ulata,  
 Our Virgin Queen.

And while we sing, to thee we  
 bring  
 Our gifts when day is done;  
 Oh, may they be, enhanced by  
 thee,  
 Meet tribute to thy Son.

*Chorus.*

Oh, when life's ray doth fade  
 away,  
 And sinks the sun to rest;  
 Then be thou near, to soothe  
 and cheer,  
 With visions of the blest.

*Chorus.*

Then wondrous thought with trans-  
 port fraught,  
 In Heaven's untold repose;  
 We'll bless alway, the earthly  
 day,  
 That brought so sweet a close.

*Chorus.*

## 192. OUR MOTHER IMMACU- LATE.

Rejoice! rejoice! O earth and  
 skies,  
 See Jacob's promised star arise,  
 Its radiant beams of living light  
 Dispel the shade of sin's dark  
 night;  
 Far, far above angelic bands,

Immaculate, our Mother stands;  
Immaculate! ah, title sweet,  
Delicious nectar to repeat.

*Chorus.*

Immaculate! Immaculate!  
Peerless Mother of our race,  
Our glad hearts thrill with rapture sweet,  
As we thy title grand repeat,—  
Immaculate! Immaculate!

O purest Virgin, on this day  
Take us 'neath thy gentle sway,  
The fearful dragon's power disarm,  
Preserve us from his rage unharmed;  
Diffuse around thy odor sweet,  
With priceless graces all replete,  
More balmy than the lily fair,  
Or Sharon's rose, of perfume rare.

Immaculate! That word has charms  
To win new children to thy arms;  
And thus we're drawn to thy sweet shrine,  
To consecrate our hearts to thine!  
Oh! place them in thy loving heart,  
Mary, our Mother, and impart  
To them a glow of love divine,  
Of that pure love which burns  
in thine!

**193. OUR QUEEN IMMACULATE.**

(May Chimes.)

Oh, fairest of all visions,  
With meekly folded hands,

Adoring eyes uplifted,  
Before her God she stands.

*Chorus.*

Mother pure, Virgin fair, Spotless Dove,  
Peerless Maid, Crowned Queen of  
God's creation,  
Our Queen Immaculate.

Oh, fairest of all visions  
That met the eager gaze  
Of Patriarch and prophet,  
In far primeval days.

Expectant yet for ages  
That earth must yet await;  
Fair Sharon's Rose, God's Mother,  
Our Queen Immaculate.

The King looked on thy beauty  
In thy unfallen state,  
The Spirit's Bride, the Virgin,  
Our Queen Immaculate.

Oh, fairest of all visions,  
Entrancing mortal eyes,  
The veil is half uplifted,  
We gaze in fond surprise.

Oh, fairest of all visions,  
Our weary exile o'er,  
In thy unclouded glory  
We'll see thee evermore.

We'll see thee, Queen and Mother,  
Enthroned in royal state,  
In all thy virgin splendor,  
Our Queen Immaculate!

194. QUEEN OF OUR FOUNT.

Queen of our fount, Immaculate,  
Queen of the flowers and of the  
May;

Queen of the hearts that gather  
round thee,  
To crown thy royal brow to day.

*Chorus.*

Pure as the snow on Hebron's  
mountain,  
Bright as the Rose in Sharon's  
vale,  
White as the foam of Israel's  
fountain,  
Mary Immaculate, we hail.

Fair Queen of Heav'n, O Mother  
tender,  
In thee our ev'ry hope is placed;  
O be to us a strong defender,  
And guide us thro life's dreary  
waste.

*Chorus.*

Queen of the Earth and Queen of  
Heaven,  
Queen of the vernal bow'rs of  
May,  
Queen of the souls, thy Son hath  
given,  
To guide them to eternal day.

*Chorus.*

195. IMMACULATE! IMMAC-  
ULATE!

O Mother! I could weep for mirth,  
Joy fills my heart so fast;

My soul today is heaven on earth,  
Oh, could the transport last!

*Chorus.*

I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Thy majesty, thy state,  
And I keep singing in my heart,  
Immaculate! Immaculate!

When Jesus looks upon thy face  
His heart with rapture glows,  
And in the Church, by His sweet  
grace,  
Thy blessed worship grows.

The angels answer with their  
songs,  
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;  
And saints flock round thy feet  
in throngs,  
And Heaven with bliss o'erflows.

Oh, I would rather, Mother dear,  
Thou should'st be what thou art,  
Than sit where thou dost, O so  
near,  
Unto the Sacred Heart.

Oh, I would forfeit all for thee,  
Rather than thou should miss  
One jewel from thy majesty,  
One glory from thy bliss.

Ah! I could die with such a sense,  
It were but loss to live,  
If I could die in dear defence  
Of this prerogative.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
Oh, what a joy for thee!



Conceived, conceived Immaculate!  
O greater joy for me.

Immaculate Conception! far  
Above all graces blest!  
Thou shinest like a royal star  
On God's eternal breast!

#### 196. THE IMMACULATE CON- CEPTION.

O purest of creatures! Sweet  
Mother! Sweet Maid!  
The one spotless womb wherein  
Jesus was laid!  
Dark night hath come down on  
us, Mother! and we  
Look far out for thy shining, sweet  
Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come on this  
rough-spoken world,  
And the banners of darkness are  
boldly unfurled:  
And the tempest-tossed Church  
—all her eyes are on thee,  
They look to thy shining, sweet  
Star of the Sea.

The Church does what God had  
first taught us to do;  
He looked o'er the world to find  
hearts that were true;  
Through ages he looked, but  
found none but thee;  
And He loved thy dear shining,  
sweet Star of the Sea!

He gazed on thy soul: it was spot-  
less and fair;

For the empire of sin, it had never  
been there;

None had ever owned thee, dear  
Mother, but He—

And He blessed thy clear shining,  
sweet Star of the Sea!

Earth gave Him one lodging;  
'twas deep in thy breast;  
And God found a home where  
the sinner finds rest;  
His home and his hiding-place,  
both were in thee;  
He was won by thy shining, sweet  
Star of the Sea!

O shine on us brighter than ever,  
then shine!  
For the primest of honors, dear  
Mother! is thine;  
"Conceived without sin," thy new  
title shall be,  
Clear light from thy birth spring,  
sweet Star of the Sea!

#### 197. OUR LADY OF THE SA- CRED HEART.

Unto thee our sighs are pleading,  
Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
In thy love and pow'r exceeding,  
Ev'ry blessing thou'lt impart.

#### *Chorus.*

Thou to whom all grace is given,  
To us now thine aid impart,  
While thou'rt crowned in highest  
heaven,  
Dear Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Who hath called upon thee, Mother,  
And hath called on thee in vain?  
After Jesus, there's no other  
Can, like thee, our hope sustain.

*Chorus.*

In all care, and doubt, and sorrow,  
If we turn to thee and pray,  
Joy will dawn upon our morrow,  
Though our path be dark to-day.

**198. SWEET LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.**

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
Thy own sweet month of May,  
So bright with bloom and crown'd  
with flow'rs,  
Is fading fast away,  
So bright with bloom and crown'd  
with flow'rs,  
Is fading fast away.  
Sweet Lady, Sweet Lady,  
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
This lovely month we crown,  
While from thy throne in Heav'n  
above  
Thy gentle eyes look down,  
While from thy throne in Heav'n  
above,  
Thy gentle eyes look down.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
When life is darkest here,  
To us thy potent aid impart,

To comfort and to cheer,  
To us thy potent aid impart  
To comfort and to cheer.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
Immaculate and fair,  
||: Around thy shrine, we gather  
now,  
To claim a mother's care.:||  
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Remember that thy power above,  
Nor bound, nor limit knows,  
||: Thou reignest o'er the Sacred  
Heart.  
Whence every blessing flows.:||  
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,  
Then ask, and thou'lt obtain;  
||: For Jesus, at thy loving prayer,  
Will not be asked in vain.:||  
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

**199. STAR OF THE SEA.**

Mater Amabilis, Ora pro nobis,  
Pray for the children who call  
upon thee,  
Ave Sanctissima, Ava purissima!  
Sinless and beautiful Star of  
the Sea.

Ave Maria! O maiden, O Mother,  
Fondly thy children are call-  
ing on thee,  
Thine are the graces unclaimed  
by another,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of  
the Sea.

Ave Maria! the night shades are  
falling,  
Softly our voices arise unto  
thee,  
Earth's lonely exiles for succor  
are calling.  
Sinless and beautiful Star of  
the Sea.

Ave Maria! thy children are kneel-  
ing,  
Words of endearment are mur-  
mured to thee;  
Softly thy spirit upon us is steal-  
ing,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of  
the Sea.

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,  
Harbor of refuge, to thee do  
we flee;  
Lost in the darkness, by stormy  
winds driven,  
Shine o'er our pathway, fair  
Star of the Sea.

#### 200. HEAVENLY DESIRES.

O when shall we with angels  
bright,  
On golden harps our Mother  
praise,  
And bask beneath her smile's  
sweet light,  
And on her wondrous beauty  
gaze,  
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,  
Sweet Mother far from  
heav'n and thee,  
We languish here in exile drear,

These captive hearts, O Mary,  
free,  
Let them behold thee, mother  
dear.

Oh if 'tis now so sweet to love,  
And oft to breathe thy holy  
name,  
What will it be in realms above,  
Where Seraphs' ardor hearts  
inflammé,  
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,  
Sweet Mother, soon thy  
summons send,  
On earth no longer let us roam,  
In thy bright courts let us at-  
tend,  
O Mary call thy children home.

Her children there she'll kindly  
cheer,  
She'll fold them in her fond  
embrace,  
From ev'ry eye she'll wipe the  
tear,  
And from sad hearts all sor-  
row chase,  
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,  
Sweet Mother yet we'll  
linger here,  
O'er life's drear waste we still  
will roam,  
And wait in hope till thou ap-  
pear,  
To guide us to our heavenly  
home.

## 120. OUR LADY, QUEEN OF ANGELS.

Bring flow'rs of the rarest, bring  
flow'rs of the fairest,  
From garden and woodland and  
hillside and vale;  
Our full hearts are swelling, our  
glad voices telling,  
The praise of the loveliest Rose  
of the dale.

### *Chorus.*

O Mary, we crown thee with  
roses today,  
Queen of the angels, and Queen  
of the May,  
O Mary, we crown thee with blos-  
soms today,  
Queen of the angels, and Queen  
of the May.

In cool shaded alley, in bloom-  
laden valley,  
The warblers of springtime in  
chorus unite,  
The portals of heaven, by ser-  
aphs are riven,  
Down sweeping thro' path-ways  
of music and light.

Their Lady they name thee,  
their mistress proclaim thee,  
Oh, grant that thy children on  
earth be as true;  
As long as the bowers are radi-  
ant with flowers,  
As long as the azure shall keep  
its bright hue.

Our voices ascending, in har-  
mony blending,

Oh thus may our hearts turn,  
dear Mother, to thee.  
Oh! thus shall we prove thee  
how truly we love thee;  
How dark without Mary, life's  
journey would be.

## 202. HOW TO PRAISE THEE, O MARY.

How to praise Thee, O Mary, we  
know not,  
Fair and spotless alone Thou  
art;  
But we pour sweet titles upon  
Thee,  
As they rise from our loving  
heart;  
When they reach Thee beyond the  
skies,  
Turn to us Thy merciful eyes.

### *Chorus.*

What shall we call Thee, O beau-  
tiful Mother?

Lily of Israel, Rose without  
thorn—  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to  
Thee!

Light of Thy people! sweet  
Star of the Morn!

Bright Thou art as the sun in its  
rising,

Fair Thou art as the moon at  
night,

Strong Thou art as a battle army,

Tower of hope to all who fight.  
Thou art sweetness, and hope,  
and life,  
Health in sickness, and help in  
strife.

Lifted high as the palm and the  
cedar,  
Blooming low as the flow'r of  
field,  
Eastern Gate to the Sun of jus-  
tice,  
Garden enclosed and fountain  
sealed.  
Glorious things are said of Thee,  
City of God, so fair to see.

Ark of refuge from storm and  
shipwreck,  
Beacon-light on the distant hill,  
Oil poured out on the troubled  
waters,  
Haven safe where the winds are  
still;  
Wheresoever our barque may be,  
Star of the Morn, we look to  
Thee.

Queen art Thou of the shining  
angels,  
Queen art Thou of the happy  
saints,  
Mother and Queen of exiled chil-  
dren,  
Send us help when our courage  
faints.  
Spotless Mother and Queen Di-  
vine,  
All the love of our hearts is Thine!

## 203. BIRTHDAY HYMN TO OUR LADY.

Who is this cometh over the  
mountains,  
Fair and sweet as the morning  
light—  
Shedding pure and beautiful radi-  
ance,  
On the earth that was wrapped  
in night?  
Now the Day-spring indeed is  
nigh,  
The Morning Star hath risen on  
high.

### *Chorus.*

How shall we welcome Thee,  
beautiful Mother?  
How shall we greet Thee, new-  
ly born?  
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!  
Love to Thee! Thanks to  
Thee!  
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star  
of the Morn!

Wild and waste lay our desolate  
garden,  
Stripped of blossom -and leaf  
and fruit,  
Lo! at last in the golden Autumn  
Sprang the lily from Jesse's  
root.  
Hope and beauty came back to  
Earth  
Once again in our Lady's birth.  
Angels cluster around Thy cradle,  
Smiling into Thy little face,

Whispering now, as they whisper later,

"The Lord is with Thee, O full of grace!"

We, too, Mary, would hail Thee thus,  
More than to angels Thou art to us.

*Chorus.*

Spotless Daughter of God the Father,

Mother to be of God the Son,  
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,  
Beautiful shrine of the Three-in-one;

Oh! we thank Him that He has given

So dear a Queen unto Earth and Heaven.

All the Church is glad in Thy coming—

None more glad, O Mary, than we,

Who by more than a common title

Now and ever belong to Thee—  
Light our pathway where'er we are,

We will follow, dear Morning Star.

O we cannot go empty-handed  
On Her birthday to babe so sweet,

Yet we have but our love to offer,  
Printing a kiss on her little feet.

Open Thy baby hand and take

Our hearts at least, for Thy birthday's sake.

*Chorus.*

Blrss us all with thy birthday blessing,

As we gather around Thy throne,  
Lay Thy hand with a tenderer pressure

On this home which is all Thine own!—

While we are here, and when we are far,

Light up our way, dear Morning Star.

#### 204. THE ASSUMPTION.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,  
All beautiful and bright;  
For higher still, and higher,  
Through fields of starry light,  
Mary, your Queen, ascends,  
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she  
On earth hath never been;  
And save the throne of God,  
Your heavens have never seen  
A wonder half so bright  
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look  
How beautiful she is;  
See! Jesus bears her up;  
Her hand is locked in His;  
O who can tell the height  
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee, then  
Lose my sweet right to thee?

Ah no! the Angel's Queen  
Man's Mother still will be;  
And thou upon thy throne  
Wilt keep thy love for me.

On then, dear pageant, on!  
Sweet music breathes around;  
And love, like dew, distils  
On hearts in rapture bound!  
The Queen of Heaven goes up  
To be proclaimed and crowned!

The Eternal Father calls  
His daughter to be blessed;  
The Son His Maiden-Mother  
Woos unto His breast;  
The Holy Ghost His spouse  
Beckons into her rest.

See! See! the Eternal Hands  
Put on her radiant crown,  
And the sweet Majesty  
Of Mercy sitteth down,  
Forever and forever,  
On her predestined throne!

205. \* ASSUMPTION.

Unfold, unfold, ye golden gates  
of heaven,  
She comes, the Queen of all the  
shining host—  
The moon beneath, her crown  
twelve stars of even;  
The sun above in her great  
glory lost.

*Chorus.*

The Cherubim—and Seraphim—

and Heaven's hosts now swell this  
glad refrain, That Mary loved!  
Our Mother Mary, Queen of Heaven  
shall reign,  
Queen of Heaven shall reign.

Behold her Son delighted has gone  
down,  
To meet His Mother, taintless  
from her birth,  
She forward glides, while glory  
from her crown  
Streams on her exiled children  
here on earth.

*Chorus.*

Mother of Jesus, hail our heavenly  
Queen,  
Ten thousand harps swell thro'  
the azure dome,  
O blessed earth where one so fair  
was seen,  
More blessed heaven, to which  
our Queen has come.

*Chorus.*

Hail Mary, Queen of mercy, grant  
our Lord  
May look with pity on thy  
children here,  
That humbly trusting in His holy  
word,  
Our souls at last may in thy  
courts appear.

*Chorus.*

We walk the vale of sorrow thou  
hast known,

Give us from Him the grace to  
walk as thou,  
The seed along thy blessed pathway  
sown,  
Brought lovely flow'rs, bright  
garlands for thy brow.

*Chorus.*

Obtain for us thy rare humility,  
That ev'ry ac may spring  
from God's pure Love,  
Then all thy glory we may hope  
to see,  
Where He assumed thee in His  
home above.

*Chorus.*

**206. AH, WHO IS SHE THAT  
MOUNTS TO HEAVEN.**

Ah, who is she that mounts to  
heaven,  
Leaning fondly on her love,  
And glitt'ring stars a crown of  
glory,  
Shines her queenly brow above?  
Who is she whose vesture's gleam-  
ing  
With the sun's refulgent rays;  
The silv'ry moon beneath her  
beaming,  
All proclaim her wondrous praise.

*Chorus.*

She's thine, O heaven, she's thine  
forever,  
This blessed prize from earth  
thou'st won,

Now Jesus' Mother reigns, and  
ever,  
Her loving children seek her  
throne.

Then go ye forth, O angel choirs,  
'Tis your Queen in bright array;  
Now Jesus crowns her with His  
glory,  
Joyful are your courts today.  
Grief and sorrow flee before her,  
Earthly shadows backward steal,  
And golden clouds, soft breaking  
o'er her,  
Heaven's unending joys reveal.

Bright heav'n's Queen, earth's spot-  
less Maiden,  
With thy smile, our hearts adorn;  
And sweetest hopes, with transport  
laden,  
From love of thee, and Jesus,  
born,  
Guide our steps to thee and heaven;  
Watch us o'er life's devious way,  
While, here to thee, our hearts are  
given,  
On thy blest Assumption day.

**207. SORROWS OF MARY.**

(Wreath of Mary, P. 32.)

Vast as ocean's briny water,  
Mighty as its surging tide;  
Is thy sorrow, Zion's daughter,  
Mother of the crucified.



*Chorus.*

Holy Mother, weeping, sighing,  
Let thy grief my soul divide;  
Tis for me thy Son is dying,  
Christ for me is crucified.

Mary sees him writhing, bleed-  
ing,  
Whit'ning in the dim eclipse,  
Hear Him for His murd'ers  
pleading,  
Pleading with His dying lips.  
*Chorus.*

Jesus' heart with love dilating,  
Would not leave us, orphans  
lone;  
All His mercies consummating,  
Gives His Mother as our own.  
*Chorus.*

**208. OUR LADY OF LOURDES.**

Hail! all hail! great Queen of  
Heaven,  
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de  
Lourde,  
Neath whose care our weary exile,  
Is from countless ills secured.

*Chorus.*

Then let men and angels praise  
thee,  
Fount of grace to all assured,  
While in gladsome strains we  
are singing,  
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de  
Lourde,  
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de  
Lourde.

Blessed thou above all others,  
Mary, Mistress of the Spheres,  
Star of hope, serenely beaming  
Thro' this darksome vale of  
tears.

*Chorus.*

Happy angels joy to own thee,  
O'er their choirs exalted high,  
Thron'd in blissful light and  
beauty,  
Empress of the starry sky.  
*Chorus.*

As the fount is still unsealing  
Its pure treasures softly fair,  
May each drop be fraught with  
healing,  
Dearest mother, at thy prayer.  
*Chorus.*

**209. MAGNIFICAT!**

Magnificat! Inspired word,  
From Mary's raptured bosom  
poured,  
My soul with Mary bless the  
Lord,  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! His wondrous grace  
Is manifest from race to race  
Of them who fear before His face  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! Praise God alone  
The mercy of my Saviour own;  
For He hath mighty wonders  
alone,  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! The song of praise  
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise!  
One God throughout eternal days!  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! Praise God on high,  
Let earth uproll, and let the sky  
Fling back our heart's exultant  
cry,  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! for deeds well done,  
For words that stay as went  
songs sung,  
For strength in fight where souls  
are won.  
Magnificat!

Magnificat! for years now flown,  
For all the seeds of good far sown,  
May all the harvests be God's own  
Magnificat!

## 210. MAGNIFICAT.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.  
Et exultavit spiritus meus, in  
Deo salutari meo.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ  
succe; ecce enim ex hoc  
beatam me dicent | omnes  
generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens  
est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in  
progenies; timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo;  
dispersit superbos mente cor-  
dis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede; et  
exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis divites  
dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum; re-  
cordatus misericordiæ suæ.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros;  
Abraham et semini ejus in  
sæcula.

Gloria Patri et Filio; et Spiritui  
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et  
semper; et in sæcula sæcu-  
lorum. Amen.

## 211. O MARIA, O MARIA.

O Maria, O Maria, sine la be  
concepta  
Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis  
ora pro nobis.

## 212. SALVE REGINA.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ  
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Ev  
Ad te suspiramus, gementes  
flentes, in hac lacrymaru  
valle  
Et Jesum benedictum fructum ve  
tris tui,

O Clemens! O Pia! O dulcis  
Virgo Maria!

Vita dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.  
Eia ergo advocata, nostra,  
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos  
converte nobis post hoc  
exilium ostende.

O Clemens! O Pia! O dulcis Virgo  
Maria!

### 213. AVE MARIS STELLA.

Ave Maris stella  
Dei Mater alma  
Atque semper Virgo  
Felix cæli porta.

*Chorus.*

Monstra te esse Matrem  
Sumat per te preces  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore  
Funda nos in pace  
Mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis  
Profer lumen cæcis  
Mala nostra pelle  
Bona cuncta posce.

Virgo singularis  
Inter omnes mitis  
Nos culpis solutos  
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram  
Iter para tutum  
Ut videntes Jesum  
Semper collætetur.

Sit laus Deo Patri  
Summo Christo decus  
Spiritus Sancto  
Tribus honor unus.

Amen.

### 214. AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria gratia plena  
Dominus tecum benedicta tu in  
mulieribus  
Et benedictus, et benedictus,  
fructus ventris tui Jesus.

Sancta Maria Mater Dei  
Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis  
peccatoribus  
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc  
et in hora mortis nostræ.  
Amen.

### 215. LITANY OF LORETTO.

Kyrie eleison,  
Christe eleison,  
Kyrie eleison,  
Christe audi nos,  
Christe exaudi nos,  
Pater de coeli Deus, miserere  
nobis,  
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,  
miserere nobis,  
Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere  
nobis,  
Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, mis-  
erere nobis.

Sancta Maria,  
Sancta Dei Genetrix,  
Sancta Virgo Virginum,

Ora pro nobis.

Mater Christi,  
Mater Divinæ gratiæ,  
Mater purissima,

Ora pro nobis.

Mater castissima,  
Mater inviolata,  
Mater intemerata,

Ora pro nobis.

Mater amabilis,  
Mater admirabilis,  
Mater boni consilii,

Ora pro nobis.

Mater Creatoris,  
Mater Salvatoris,  
Virgo prudentissima,

Ora pro nobis.

Virgo veneranda,  
Virgo predicanda,  
Virgo potens,

Ora pro nobis.

Virgo clemens,  
Virgo fidelis,  
Speculum justitiæ,

Ora pro nobis.

Sedes sapientiæ,  
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,  
Vas spirituale,

Ora pro nobis.

Vas honorabile,  
Vas insigne devotionis,  
Rosa mystica,

Ora pro nobis.

Turris Davidica,  
Turris eburnea,  
Domus aurea,

Ora pro nobis.

Fœderis arca,  
Janua coeli,  
Stella matutina,

Ora pro nobis.

Salus infirmorum,  
Refugium peccatorum,  
Consolatrix afflictorum,

Ora pro nobis.

Auxilium Christianorum,  
Regina Angelorum,  
Regina patriarcharum,

Ora pro nobis.

Regina prophetarum,  
Regina apostolorum,  
Regina martyrum,

Ora pro nobis.

Regina confessorum,  
Regina virginum,  
Regina sanctorum omnium,

Ora pro nobis.

Regina sanctorum omnium,  
Regina sine labe originali concepta,  
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii,

Ora pro nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, parce nobis Domine,

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, exaudi nos Domine,  
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata  
mundi, miserere nobis.  
V. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei  
Genitrix.  
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

## 216. DEAR ST. JOSEPH, PURE AND GENTLE.

Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle,  
Guardian of the Saviour child,  
Treading with the virgin mother,  
Egypt's deserts rough and wild.

### *Chorus.*

Hail St. Joseph, spouse of Mary,  
Blessed above all saints on high,  
When the death shades round us  
gather,  
Teach, oh, teach us how to die.

He who rested on thy bosom,  
Is by countless saints adored,  
Prostrate angels in His presence  
Sing Hosannas to their Lord.

Now to thee no gift refusing,  
Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer;  
Then, dear saint, from thy fair  
dwelling  
Give to us a father's care.

Dear St. Joseph, kind and loving,  
Stretch to us a helping hand;

Guide us through life's toils and  
sorrows,  
Safely to the distant land.

In the strife of life be near us,  
And in death, oh, hover nigh;  
Let our souls, on thy sweet bosom,  
To their home of gladness fly.

## 217. MEMORARE TO ST. JOSEPH.

Holy Joseph, Guardian of Mary,  
Heaven owns thy potent sway,  
Jesus when a child loved ever  
Thy gentle mandates to obey.

### *Chorus.*

Dear St. Joseph, Oh! remember,  
Never has a child of thine  
Vainly sought for grace or comfort,  
At thy lily shrine.

We have come when life's sky was  
shaded,  
With the clouds of pain or grief,  
We have called on thee, St. Joseph,  
And thy name has always brought  
relief.

Holy Patron, whose angelic spirit  
Breathed itself in love away,  
In the arms of its Creator,  
Be thou near us at our death, we  
pray.

218. DEAR GUARDIAN OF  
MARY.

Dear Guardian of Mary! dear nurse  
of her child!  
Life's ways are full weary, the desert  
is wild;

Bleak sands are all round us, no  
home can we see;  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean  
upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father  
and guide,  
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by  
thy side;  
Ah! blessed St. Joseph! how safe  
should I be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou  
wert with me!

O blessed St. Joseph! how great  
was thy worth,  
The one chosen shadow of God  
upon earth,  
The father of Jesus—ah! then wilt  
thou be,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, a father  
to me.

When the treasures of God were  
unshelter'd on earth,  
Safe keeping was found for them  
both in thy worth;  
O father of Jesus! be father to me,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I  
will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—  
wilt thou -

Forgive a poor exile for choosing  
thee now?

There's no saint in heaven, St.  
Joseph, like thee,  
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign  
to love me!

219. HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!  
Dear Spouse of Mary, hail!  
Chaste as the lily flower,  
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!  
Prince of the house of God,  
May His best graces be  
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!  
God's choice wert thou alone;  
To thee the Word made flesh  
Was subject as a Son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!  
Teach us our flesh to tame,  
And, Mary, keep the hearts  
That love thy Spouse's name.

Mother of Jesus! bless,  
And bless, ye Saints on high!  
All meek and simple souls  
That to Saint Joseph cry.

220. SORROWS AND JOYS OF  
ST. JOSEPH.

Father of Christ and Spouse of  
His sweet Mother,  
Trusting to thee our simple  
pray'r we make;

Father to us since we may call  
Him Brother,  
Can'st thou refuse to hear us for  
His sake?

*Chorus.*

Blessed St. Joseph, remember that  
never,  
Thy clients in vain to their  
father have prayed;  
Win our petition, for Jesus must  
ever  
Listen to him whom on earth He  
obeyed.

O by the Grief thy tender spirit  
filling  
Ere Mary's secret thou hadst  
understood;  
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel  
telling  
That blessed wonder of the  
Motherhood.

O by thy Grief to see the King of  
Glory  
Born in the Crib in poverty and  
cold;  
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel's  
story,  
And the adoring Magi to behold.

O by thy Grief to see the Infant  
weeping  
While the first Blood-drops fell  
beneath the knife,  
O by thy Joy with which thy heart  
was leaping,

At the sweet music of the Name  
of Life.

O by thy Grief with Mary's sinless  
spirit,  
Hearing a sword must pierce her  
soul in twain,  
O by thy Joy that many should  
inherit  
Peace and salvation through her  
Child again.

O by thy Grief when Child and  
Mother taking  
Thou didst by night to distant  
Egypt fly;  
O by thy Joy to see the idols break-  
ing,  
While the All-holy passed in  
silence by.

O by thy Grief when from the  
Angel learning  
Still reigned the tyrant after  
Herod's death;  
O by thy Joy from exiled years re-  
turning  
To that dear home in holy Naza-  
reth.

O by thy Grief when thou had'st  
lost thy Treasure,  
By those three days of darkness  
and of pain,  
O by thy Joy beyond all thought  
and measure  
When with thy Jesus light came  
back again.

## 221. TO ST. JOSEPH.

Hail! thou father of our Saviour,  
How our hearts must hold thee dear!

Hail! thou nurse of our Redeemer,  
How our souls must thee revere.

### *Chorus.*

Hail! thou spouse of God's dear  
Mother,  
Man fulfilling angel's part;  
Tender guardian of my Jesus,  
Joseph with the Seraph's heart.

Jesus nestles on thy bosom,  
Who would ask a greater bliss?  
Jesus is thy whole possession,  
Ah! what treasure equals this.

Oh, no wonder that all ages  
Homage to thy name have paid;  
Can we give thee too much honor  
Whom our God himself obeyed?

O thrice happy he who travels  
Leaning, Joseph, on thine arm;  
Safe indeed whom thy protection  
Shields from peril and from harm.

By the prayer which thine own  
Mother  
Offers for her children now;  
By the care thy foster-father  
Gave Thee, Jesus, years ago.

Grant that we too may behold Thee

One day on Thy glorious throne;  
Grant that in our native country  
We may call Thee too our own.

## 222. ST. JOSEPH.

Holy Joseph, dearest father,  
To thy children's pray'r incline,  
Whilst we sing thy joys and sor-  
rows,  
And the glories which are thine.

How to praise thee, how to thank  
thee,  
Blessed Saint, we cannot tell,  
Favors countless hast thou given,  
Can we choose but love thee well?

Near to Jesus, near to Mary,  
And kind father, near to thee,  
Keep us while on earth we wander,  
And in death our helper be.

Sing we Joseph, spouse of Mary  
And our mother's blessed friend,  
Favors countless, mercies constant,  
Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed, and thou hast  
answered,  
We have asked and thou hast  
given,  
Need we marvel, Jesus tells us  
Joseph has the stores of heaven.

One more favor we will ask thee,  
Thou of all canst grant it best,  
When we die be thou still near us;  
Bring us safe to endless rest.



223. HOLY PATRON! THEE  
SALUTING.

Holy Patron! thee saluting,  
Here we meet, with hearts sincere;  
Blest St. Joseph, all uniting,  
Call on thee, to hear our prayer.

Happy saint, in bliss adoring,  
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,  
Hear thy children thee imploring,  
May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,  
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;  
Grant, in virtue persevering,  
Vice may ne'er their bosoms sting,  
Happy saint, etc.

Thou, who faithfully attended  
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;  
Who, with pious care defended  
Mary Virgin ever pure.  
Happy saint, etc.

May our fervent prayers ascending,  
Move thee for our souls to plead;  
May thy smile of peace descending,  
Benedictions on us shed.  
Happy saint, etc.

Through this life, O watch around  
us,  
Fill with love our every breath,

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL

And when parting fear surrounds us  
Guide us through the toils of  
death.  
Happy saint, etc.

224. ST. PATRICK.

Hibernia's champion saint, all hail!  
With fadeless glory crowned;  
The offspring of your ardent zeal,  
This day your praise shall sound,  
Great and glorious St. Patrick,  
Pray for that dear country,  
Great and glorious St. Patrick,  
Hearken to the prayer of thy  
children.

Borne on the wings of charity  
To Erin's coast you flew,  
Bade Satan from her valleys flee,  
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.  
Great and glorious, etc.

From faith's bright camp the demon  
fled,  
The path to heaven was cleared;  
Religion raised her beauteous head,  
An isle of saints appeared.  
Great and glorious, etc.

To God, who sent you to our isle,  
Be endless glory given;  
O may He ever on it smile,  
And lead its sons to heaven.  
Great and glorious, etc.

## 225. HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, dear  
saint of our isle,  
On us, thy poor children, bestow a  
sweet smile;  
And now thou art high in thy  
mansions above,  
On Erin's green valleys look down  
in thy love.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, thy words  
were once strong  
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic  
throng:  
Not less in thy might where in  
heaven thou art,  
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle  
take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight  
for the faith,  
Dear saint, may thy children resist  
until death,  
May their strength be in meekness,  
in penance, and prayer,  
Their banner the cross, which they  
glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a  
shore,  
Shall love and revere thee till time  
be no more;  
And the fire thou hast kindled  
shall ever burn bright—  
Its warmth undiminished, undying  
its light.

Ever bless and defend us in this  
weary life,

As we labor and toil amid hardship  
and strife;  
And our hearts shall yet burn,  
wherever we roam,  
For God, and St. Patrick, and our  
native home.

## 226. ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

All praise to St. Patrick, who  
brought to our mountains  
The gift of God's faith, the  
sweet light of his love!

All praise to the Shepherd who  
showed us the fountains  
That rise in the heart of the  
Saviour above!

For hundreds of years,  
In smiles and in tears,  
Our Saint hath been with us, our  
shield and our stay!  
All else may have gone—  
St. Patrick alone—

He hath been to us light, when  
earth's lights were all set,  
For the glories of faith they can  
never decay,  
And the best of our glories is bright  
with us yet,  
In the faith and the feast of  
St. Patrick's day.

There is not a Saint in the bright  
courts of Heaven,  
More faithful than he to the land  
of his choice.  
Oh well may the nation to whom  
he was given,  
In the feast of their sire and  
apostle rejoice.  
In glory above.

True to his love,  
He keeps the false faith from his  
children away.

The dark false faith—  
Far worse than death—  
Oh he drives it far off from the  
green sunny shore,

Like the reptiles which fled from  
his curse in dismay,  
And, Erin when Error's proud tri-  
umph is o'er,  
Will still be found keeping St-  
Patrick's day.

Then what shall we do for the  
heaven-sent father;

What shall the proof of our  
loyalty be?

By all that is dear to our hearts,  
we would rather

Be martyred, sweet Saint, than  
bring shame upon thee!

But oh, he will take  
The promise we make,

So to live that our lives, by God's  
help, may display,

The light that he bore  
To Erin's shore.

Yes, Father of Ireland! no child  
wilt thou own,

Whose life is not lighted by  
grace on its way;

For they are true Irish, ah, yes,  
they alone,

Whose hearts are all true on  
St. Patrick's day.

## 227. HAIL, GLORIOUS APOSTLE.

Hail, glorious Apostle, selected by  
God,  
To enlarge the bless'd pale of  
Christ's faithful believers,  
Accept our weak efforts to honor  
thy virtues,  
And chiefly thy wonderful charity.  
For 'twas thy bright flame of love  
seraphic,  
Which moved thee thy country and  
kindred to leave,  
All earthly enjoyment and com-  
forts to part with.  
Hail, etc.

Th' Almighty was pleased, that  
our saint should be seiz'd  
And led captive to Ireland by  
cruel barbarians,  
He was long detain'd, nor his  
freedom regained,  
Till he'd suffer'd hardships and  
misery.  
He, during that time, laid up a  
store,  
Of meekness, humility, patience and  
zeal;  
His love for our Saviour, in-  
creas'd beyond measure.  
Hail, etc.

Ah! now that thou'rt plac'd in  
the kingdom of peace,  
O most holy Apostle! our faithful  
protection;  
Look down on Ireland, that once  
happy island, -

But now persecuted and suffering.  
Obtain for that nation ev'ry grace,  
Which may draw upon it the blessing  
of heav'n,  
And may all the nations be peaceful  
and happy!  
Hail, etc.

228. SAINT ALOYSIUS.

Dearest saint, look down from  
heaven,  
From thy throne of glory there,  
On thy children who are raising  
Unto thee their song and prayer.

Blest St. Aloysius,  
Thron'd in heavenly glory,  
Bright is the crown that encircles  
thy brow,  
Pray for thy clients who sing to  
thee now.

Saint, whose pure young heart was  
given,  
All to God in life's bright morn,  
Let our hearts all fresh to Jesus  
By thy loving hands be borne.

Purest Saint, with eyes so holy  
Never lifted but to God,  
Keep us 'mid life's dazzling sun-  
shine,  
In the path thy feet have trod.

Meekest Saint, with voice so gentle,

Haunt us with its soothing tone;  
And in times of doubt and danger  
Bid the tempter to be gone.

Saint of all who learn, the patron;  
Saint of all who teach, the guide;  
While we teach, and while we  
study,  
Be forever at our side.

229. TO ST. ALOYSIUS.

We see thee cast thy wealth aside  
And trample on thy coronet,  
And now a brighter diadem  
Upon thy pure young brow is set,  
O teach us that the joys which  
last  
Alone are worthy of our love,  
That so our hearts like thine may  
be  
There, where our treasure is—  
above.

*Chorus.*

O gentle Patron of our youth.  
Gonzaga's lily, pearl of Rome,  
Keep us unspotted in the way  
And bring us safely to our home.

O help us, Virgin Saint, to keep  
The whiteness of our innocence,  
To guard our ears, our tongue,  
our eyes,  
To mortify each wandering sense.

And if, alas! the day should come  
When we the robe of grace should  
    stain,  
O by our penance let us win  
The angel's virtue once again.

When for thy light and childish  
    faults  
We see thee weep and faint  
    away,  
And think how far from God and  
    Heaven  
Our many sins have made us  
    stray,  
We beg of thee to win for us  
Thy love of God so true and  
    deep,  
The frank avowal of our faults,  
The tears that love will make  
    us weep.

Be with us in our daily toil,  
Dear Patron Saint of all who  
    learn,  
Let us like thee in all our needs  
With filial love to Mary turn.  
May Jesus on His altar throne  
Be joy and rest to us as thee;  
Communion be our three days'  
    hope,  
Or else our three days' mem-  
    ory.

Ah! guide us, guide us, dearest  
    Saint,  
Along the path which thou  
    hast trod,  
For, blessed Saint, we will not  
    wait  
To give our heart and life to  
    God;

But when the world seems bright  
    and fair,  
And tries to sever us from thee,  
O then thy motto whisper low  
    "What profit for Eternity?"

## 230. ST. ANTHONY, WE PRAISE THEE.

*Chorus.*

St. Anthony, we praise thee  
And sing thy wondrous pow'r,  
Oh never fail to aid us,  
In ev'ry needy hour.

*Solo.*

Thine aid canst thou refuse us,  
With Jesus in thy arms,  
And all thy love o'erflowing,  
Upon His Infant charms.

St. Anthony, oh! teach us,  
Thy ardent zeal and love,  
That raise the heart's affections  
All earthly things above.

*Chorus.*

Let love of Jesus only  
Our aspirations fill,  
Be it our truest pleasure  
To do His holy will.

*Chorus.*

## 231. RESPONSORY OF ST. ANTHONY.

If great wonders thou desirest  
Hopeful to St. Anthony pray:  
Error, Satan wants the direst

Death and pest his will obey,  
And the sick who beg his pity  
From their couches haste  
away,  
And the sick who beg his pity  
From their couches haste  
away.

*Chorus.*

Young and old are ever singing,  
Praises to St. Anthony bring-  
ing,  
Stormy ocean calls its passion,  
Bond and fetters break in twain,  
Treasures lost and limbs dis-  
abled,  
These his pow'r restores again.

Padua has been the witness  
Of these deeds, six hundred  
years,  
Dangers flee and needs must  
vanish,  
Grief or sorrow disappears,  
||: Filling all the world with won-  
der; :||  
||: While the demons quake with  
fear. :||

*Chorus.*

Glory be to God the Father'  
And to His co-equal Son,  
To the Holy Ghost resplendent,  
One in three and three in One.

||: Praise we Father, Son and  
Spirit, :||  
||: While eternal ages run. :||

*Chorus.*

232. ST. ANTHONY.

(Wreath of Mary, P. 53.)

*Chorus.*

O great St. Anthony we praise  
thee,  
And for thy kind protection  
plead.  
While loving gratitude portrays  
thee,  
Our helper in the day of need

*Solo.*

We marvel at thy hallow'd story,  
And the strength of that love  
divine,  
Which won for thee such weight  
of glory,  
And the crown of bliss that  
now is thine.  
O great St. Anthony, etc.

Now art thou crown'd in heav'n-  
ly splendor  
In the light of yon blessed  
shore,  
While we our grateful homage  
render,  
And thy aid in ev'ry want im-  
plore.  
O great St. Anthony, etc.

And O great Saint, in life's long  
trial,  
And our strife with the world  
and sin,  
Teach us thy love and self denial

To the end that we the crown  
may win.  
O great St. Anthony, etc.

### 233. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S LAMENT.

Thou hast sorrowed the spirit that  
loved thee,  
And watched o'er thy footsteps  
for years;  
Thou hast made me at last to  
sigh o'er thee,  
In secret, in silence and tears.

For my Father in Heaven I loved  
thee,  
For His sake have I guarded  
thy ways,  
Return, Oh return, I implore thee,  
Him to love, to serve, and to  
praise.

O'er thy pathway through life still  
I hover  
Thee to comfort, to solace, to  
cheer,  
With the love of a fond saving  
brother  
Through this desert of trial and  
fear.

Oh, when shall I clasp thee—how  
fondly,  
And bear thee, all dangers now  
past,  
To the arms of the God who died  
for thee,  
To our home in the heavens at  
last.

### 234. DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

Dear Angel! ever at my side,  
How loving must thou be,  
To leave thy home in heaven, to  
guard  
A little child like me.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel  
down,  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me thou art there.

Then for thy sake, dear angel! now  
More humble will I be;  
But I am weak, and when I fall  
O weary not for me.

O weary not, but love me still  
For Mary's sake, thy queen,  
She never tired of me, though I  
Her worst of sons have been.

She will reward thee with a smile;  
Thou knowest what it is worth!  
For Mary's smiles each day convert  
The hardest hearts on earth.

Then love me, love me, angel dear!  
And I will love thee more;  
And help me when my soul is cast  
Upon the eternal shore.

235. TO MY ANGEL.

(Unknown.)

Angel, spread thy wings around me,  
Keep my soul from sin and death,  
Guard me with thy snowy pinions,  
Turn away the tempter's breath.

Whisper to me when sin ap-  
proaches,  
Clad in Virtue's robe of light,  
Thrust aside his jewelled garment,  
Save me, for his touch is blight.

Let no sound responsive echo,  
Still each chord with thy pure  
wing,  
Angel, should one note be weak-  
ened,  
Bid it cease, or break the string.

Mine own guardian! lovely spirit,  
Keep my soul from sin and death,  
Guard me with thy snowy pinions,  
Turn away the tempter's breath.

236. ANGEL GUARDIAN.

(Translated from French Canticles.)

Angel Guardian! from thy protec-  
tion  
My joys arise!  
Child of the skies! angel, I pray  
thee

Hear, oh hear me; to thee I call;  
Offer to Mary my desires,  
My life, my all!

*Chorus.*

I cannot tell thee all my love in-  
spires me,  
My heart is full of gratitude;  
Holy Protector, speak to my  
Mother,  
Thy gentle voice she'll ne'er deny.

Say to my Mother how much I  
love her,  
Sweet angel, haste!  
In her I've placed my hopes of  
glory;  
She is my refuge, my joy, my love;  
Oh, ask of Mary that I at length  
May see her face.

237. DEAREST GUARDIAN.

(Original.)

Dearest Guardian, tender and lov-  
ing,  
Bright prince of the courts of  
our God,  
The glorious realms above thee  
Thou hast left for our earthly  
abode.  
Dear angel, my father in Heaven,  
Whose beauty thou ever doth see,  
My soul to thy fond care hast  
given,  
It belongs then, forever, to thee!



*Chorus.*

Ever watch o'er my way;  
'Mid the dangers and snares that  
surround,  
Keep me from sin all unscathed;  
In grace may I ever be found!

Oh! pray thee, dear angel, to keep  
me,  
For weak is the heart of thy  
child,  
And the tempter ne'er "slum-  
b'reth nor sleepeth."  
But unceasingly prowls o'er the  
wild.  
Oh! ne'er to his words may I listen,  
So full of deception and guile,  
But thou, loving angel, ah! whisper  
Pure thoughts in the ear of thy  
child.

Ah! guide me o'er life's sea;  
Until thy bright face I behold,  
Let thy vigilant care never cease,  
Dear Angel, sweet guide of my  
soul.  
Dear angel, my Father in Heaven,  
Whose beauty thou ever doth see,  
My soul to thy fond care hast given,  
It belongs, then, forever to thee!

**238. O ANGEL DEAR.**

O Angel dear, I know full well  
Thy tender care and love for  
me;

Oh! guard and guide me till I  
dwell  
Forever safe in heaven with thee.

*Chorus.*

Dear Angel—guide my feet—I  
come  
Each moment closer to the brink;  
It may be I am nearer home  
Today, dear Angel, than I think.

Dear Angel, when my heart is glad,  
Lift up my thoughts to higher  
bliss;  
And help me when my soul is sad  
The Cross with faith and love  
to kiss.

Dear Angel, in temptation's hour  
Oh! whisper softly in mine ear—  
Be brave, nor fear the tempter's  
power,  
Thy guardian Angel standeth  
near.

Dear Angel, if my feet should  
stray  
Along the paths that lead to sin,  
Forsake me not, but strive and  
pray  
For Mary's sake my soul to win.

# 239. BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

Guardian angel,  
From heav'n so bright,  
Watching beside me,  
To lead me aright,  
Fold thy wings round me  
O guard me with love,  
Softly sing songs to me,  
Of heav'n above.

## Chorus.

Beautiful angel,  
My guardian so mild,  
Tenderly guide me,  
For I am thy child.

Angel so holy!  
Whom God sends to me,  
Sinful and lowly,  
My guardian to be—  
Wilt thou not cherish  
The child of thy care?  
Let me not perish—  
My trust is thy prayer.

O may I never  
Forget thou art near;  
But keep me ever  
In love and in fear.  
Waking and sleeping,  
In labor and rest,  
In thy sweet keeping,  
My life shall be blest.

Angel, dear Angel,  
Oh, close by me stay;  
Safe from harm shield me,  
All ill keep away—

Then thou wilt lead me  
When this life is o'er  
To Jesus and Mary  
T' praise evermore.

# 240. PARADISE.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek thy happy land  
Where they that loved are blest.

## Chorus.

Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Wherefore doth death delay?  
Bright death that is the welcome  
dawn,  
Of our eternal day.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;

I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore

O Paradise. O Paradise  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest  
Lord  
Is furnishing for me.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience: I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song.

#### 241. JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee;  
When shall my sorrows have an  
end,  
Thy joys when shall I see.

##### *Chorus.*

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,  
God grant that I may see,  
Thine endless joys, and of the  
same,  
Partake eternally.

Ah my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Oh would I were in thee;  
Would that my woes were at an  
end,  
Thy joys that I might see.

There David stands, with harp  
in hand  
Of tone so rich and clear;

Ten thousand times, that man  
were blest  
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings, "Magnificat,"  
With voice surpassing sweet,  
And all the Virgins bear their  
part,  
In singing at her feet.

Te Deum, doth St. Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin swells the strain,  
And countless bands of holy choirs  
Give back the loud refrain.

#### 242. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the en-  
circling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far  
from home,  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask  
to see  
The distant scene—one step  
enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed  
that Thou  
Should'st lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path  
but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite  
of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember  
not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest  
me, sure it still

Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen o'er crag and  
 torrent till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn those angel  
 faces smile,  
 Which I have loved long since,  
 and lost awhile.

### 243. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Faith of our Fathers! living still,  
 In spite of dungeon, fire and  
 sword,  
 Oh, Ireland's hearts beat high  
 with joy,  
 When'er they hear that glorious  
 word.

#### *Chorus.*

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!  
 We'll be true to thee till death!  
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!  
 We'll be true to thee till death.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons  
 dark,  
 Were still in heart and con-  
 science free;  
 How sweet would b their chil-  
 dren's fate,  
 If they, like them, could die  
 for thee.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's  
 prayers  
 Shall keep our country fast to  
 thee;  
 And through the truth that comes  
 from God,  
 O we shall prosper and be free.

Faith of our Fathers! distant  
 shores

Their happy faith to Ireland owe;  
 Then in our home, O shall we not  
 Break the dark plots against  
 thee now?

### 244. THE WAITING SOULS.

They are waiting for our peti-  
 tions,

Silent and calm.

Their lips no prayer can utter,  
 No suppliant's psalm;

We have made them all too weary  
 With long delay,  
 For the Souls in their still agony,  
 Good Christian, pray.  
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul thou holdest dearest  
 Let prayers arise,  
 The voice of love is mighty  
 And will pierce the skies.  
 Waste not in selfish weeping  
 One precious day,  
 But speeding thy love to Heaven,  
 Good Christian, pray.  
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul by all forgotten,  
 Even its own;  
 By its nearest and its dearest  
 Left all alone;  
 Whisper a De Profundis  
 Or gently lay  
 Alms in some beggar's out-  
 stretched palm,  
 Good Christian pray.  
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul that is nearest heaven,  
That sees the gate  
Now ajar, and the light within,  
And yet must wait  
Ere the angels come to convoy it  
In bright array,  
For the eager soul so near to joy,  
Good Christian, pray.  
Requiescat in Pace.

The soul that most loved our Lady,  
For our Lady's love,  
Speed with thy supplication  
To its home above;  
And our Mother in benediction  
Her hand will lay  
Tenderly on thy bowed-down head,  
Good Christian, pray.  
Requiescat in Pace.

#### 245. HYMN FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

Holy Souls in darkness pining  
Pining for the blissful light,  
Waiting, longing, ever sighing,  
To be freed from sorrow's night.  
To be freed from keenest anguish,  
From your prison house of pain,  
From the flames wherein you  
languish  
May you soon deliverance gain.

#### *Chorus.*

Mercy, sweetest Jesus, mercy,  
On the souls to us so dear,  
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,  
Our petitions for them hear.

#### 2.

Mercy, sweetest Jesus, mercy,  
To them grant eternal rest,  
Shed perpetual light upon them,  
Place them soon among the blest.

Mercy, loving Jesus, mercy,  
Grant them endless rest and light,  
And may beams of heavenly radiance  
Cheer their long and weary night.

#### 3.

Heart of Jesus be my refuge,  
Heart of Mary ever pure,  
Be thou my salvation ever,  
My reward in Heaven secure.  
Mercy, O my Jesus, mercy,  
Sacred Heart I call on Thee,  
Heart of Jesus, meek and humble,  
Make me love humility.

#### *Chorus.*

Sweet and Sacred Heart of Jesus,  
Make my poor heart like to  
Thine,  
Be my name in letters golden,  
Written in Its depths divine.

#### 4.

May God's Holy Will be praised,  
Blessed, adored and glorified,  
Here on earth, in highest Heaven,  
While eternal ages glide.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, loving,  
This one favor I implore

That I never cease to love Thee  
Always, Jesus, more and more.

*Chorus.*

Mercy, Jesus, oh, have mercy  
On the poor forgotten souls,  
In Thy Precious Blood, oh, cleanse  
them,  
Take them to Thy blest abode.

**246. DIRGE.**

Let a pious prayer be said  
For the spirits of the dead,  
That their suffering may cease,  
That they soon may rest in peace.

*Chorus.*

Hear us, Father, while we pray  
For the loved ones passed away,  
Show them mercy, grant them rest,  
In the City of the blest,  
Miserere, Miserere, Miserere.

If a blemish or a stain  
Should upon their souls remain,  
Until cleansed they cannot rise  
To the gates of Paradise.

But our prayer for those we love,  
Rises to the Lord above,  
By our Saviour's Holy Name,  
They are rescued from the flame.

**247. DE PROFUNDIS.**

De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine!  
Domine | Domine exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes, | in  
vocem deprecationes meæ.  
Si iniquitates observaveris Domine,  
| Domine quis sustinebit.  
Quia apud Te propitiatio est, |  
et propter legem Tuam sustinui Te Domine.  
Sustinuit anima mea, in verbo  
ejus, | speravit anima mea in  
Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad  
noctem, | speret Israel in  
Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia, |  
et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et Ipse redimet Israel | ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine; Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

**248. MISERERE. Psalm L.**

(For Lent, Funerals and Penitential Occasions.)

Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum, \* dele iniquitatem meam:

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, \* et a peccato meo munda me;

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco, \* et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci; \* ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum, \* et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti; \* incerta et occulta sapientiæ tuæ manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo, et munda-  
bor; \* lavabis me, et super  
nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et  
lætitiā; et exultabunt ossa  
humiliata.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis  
meis, \* et omnes iniquitates  
meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus, et  
spiritum rectum innova in  
visceribus meis.

Ne projicias me a facie tua, \* et  
Spiritus Sanctum tuum ne  
auferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiā salutaris tui,  
\* et spiritu principali confirma  
me.

Docebo iniquos vias tuas; \* et  
impii ad te convertentur.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus,  
Deus salutis meæ; \* et exul-  
tabit lingua mea justitiā  
tuam.

Domine, labia mea aperies; \* et  
os meum annuntiabit laud-  
em tuam.

Quoniam si voluisses, sacrificium  
dedissem utique; \* holo-  
caustis non delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribu-  
latus; \* cor contritum et

humiliatum, Deus, non de-  
spicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona  
voluntate tua Sion, \* ut  
ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium jus-  
titiæ, oblationes et holocaus-  
ta; \* tunc imponent super  
altare tuum vitulos.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui  
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et  
semper, \* et in sæcula  
sæculorum. Amen.

## 249. O SALUTARIS.

O Salutaris hostia,  
Qui cœli pandis ostium,  
Bella premunt hostilia,  
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino,  
Sit sempiterna gloria,  
Qui vitam sine termino,  
Nobis donet in Patria.

## 250. TANTUM ERGO.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui,  
Et antiquum documentum,  
Novo cedat ritui,  
Præstet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio;  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio,  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

V. Panem de coelo praestitisti  
eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se  
habentem.

## 251. ADOREMUS IN AETER- NUM.

Adoremus in æternum Sanc-  
tissimum Sacramentum.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes  
laudate eum omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super  
nos misericordia ejus; et veritas  
Domini manet in æternum.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui  
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc,  
et semper et in sæcula sæculorum.  
—Amen.

## 252. HOLY GOD.

Holy God, we praise Thy name,  
Lord of all, we bow before Thee,  
All on earth Thy sceptre claim,  
All in Heaven above adore Thee;  
Infinite Thy vast domain,  
Everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn,  
Angel choirs above are raising;  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
In unceasing chorus raising  
Fill the Heavens with sweet accord,  
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit Three we name Thee.  
While in essence only One  
Undivided God we claim Thee,  
And adoring bend the knee  
While we own the mystery.

## 253. TE DEUM.

Te Deum laudamus: \* te Dom-  
inum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem \* omnis  
terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes angeli, \* tibi cœli,  
et universæ postestates:

Tibi cherubim et seraphim \*  
incessabili voce proclamant:

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus \* Dom-  
inus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt coeli et terra \* ma-  
jestatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus \* Apostolorum  
chorus.

Te Prophetarum \* laudabilis  
numerus.

Te Martyrum candidatus \* laudat  
exercitus.

Te per orbem: errarum \* sancta  
confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem \* immensæ majestatis.  
Venerandum tuum verum \* et

unicum Filium.

Sanctum quoque \* Paraclitum  
Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ, \* Christe  
Tu Patris \* sempiternus es Filius.



Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, \* non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo \* aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, \* in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis \* esse venturus.  
† Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, \* quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Æterna fac cum Sanctis tuis \* in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum. Domine, \* et benedic hæreditati tuæ.

Et rege eos, et extolle illos, \* usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies \* benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum, \* et in sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto, sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine, \* miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos: \* quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.

\*Here it is usual to kneel.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein:

To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry:

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious choir of the Apostles praise Thee.

The admirable company of the Prophets praise Thee.

The white-robed army of martyrs praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father of infinite majesty.

Thy adorable, true and only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come, to be our Judge.

We pray Thee, therefore, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered

with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance.

Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify Thee.  
And we praise Thy name forever, yea forever and ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day to keep us without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy be showered upon us, as we have hoped in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I hoped; let me not be confounded forever.

## 254. PANGE LINGUA.

### 1.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi  
Corporis mysterium,  
Sanguinisque pretiosi,  
Quem in mundi pretium,  
Fructus ventris generosi  
Rex effudit gentium.

### 2.

Nobis datus, nobis natus  
Ex intacta Virgine.  
Et in mundo conversatus  
Sparso verbi semine,  
Sui moras incolatus  
Miro clausit ordine.

### 3.

In supremæ nocte cœnæ  
Recumbens cum fratribus,

Observata lege plene,  
Cibis in legalibus,  
Cibum turbæ duodenæ  
Sedat suis manibus.

### 4.

Verbum caro, panem verum  
Verbo carnem efficit;  
Fitque sanguis Christi merum  
Et si sensus deficit:  
Ad firmandum cor sincerum  
Sola fides sufficit.

### 5.

Tantum ergo, Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui  
Et antiquum documentum,  
Novo cedat ritui,  
Præstet fides supplementum,  
Sensuum defectui.

### 6.

Genitori, Genitoque  
Laus et jubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio,  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

## 255. VEXILLA REGIS.

### 1.

Vexilla regis prodeunt!  
Fulget crucis mysterium,  
Qua vita mortem pertulit  
Et morte vitam protulit.

### 2.

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ  
Mucrone diro, criminum,  
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,  
Manavit unda et sanguine.

3.

Impleta sunt, quæ concinit  
David fideli carmine,  
Dicendo nationibus:  
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4.

Arbor decora, et fulgida,  
Ornata regis purpura,  
Electa digno stipite  
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5.

Beata cujus brachiis,  
Pretium pendit sæculi,  
Statera facta corporis,  
Tulitque prædam tartari.

6.

O Crux, ove, spes unica,  
Hoc Passionis tempore  
Piis adauge gratiam,  
Reisque dele crimina.

7.

Te fons salutis Trinitas,  
Collaudet omnis spiritus:  
Quibus crucis victoriam,  
Largiris adde præmium.

256 STABAT MATER

1 At the cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping,  
Close to Jesus to the last.

2 Through her heart His sorrow  
sharing,

All His bitter anguish bearing,  
Now at length the sword had  
passed.

3 Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
Was that mother highly blest  
Of the sole-begotten One!

4 Christ above in torment hangs,  
She beneath beholds the pangs  
Of her dying glorious Son.

5 Is there one who would not weep,  
Whelmed in miseries so deep,  
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

6 Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold?

7 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender child  
All with bloody scourges rent.

8 For the sins of His own nation  
Saw Him hang in desolation,  
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

9 O Thóu Mother, fount of love!  
Touch my spirit from above,  
Make my heart with thine accord.

10 Make me feel as thou hast felt;  
Make my soul to glow and melt  
With the Love of Christ, my Lord.

11 Holy Mother! pierce me through  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified.

12 Let me share with thee His pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.

13 Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning Him who mourned for  
me,  
All the days that I may live.

14 By the cross with thee to stay,  
There with thee to weep and pray,  
Is all I ask of thee to give.

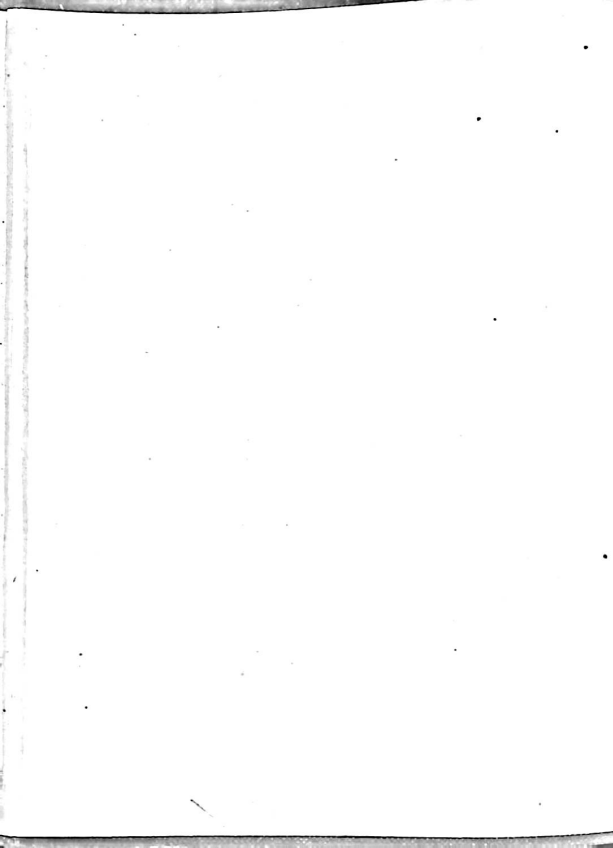
15 Virgin of all virgins blest;  
Listen to my fond request:

Let me share thy grief divine.

16 Let me to my latest breath,  
In my body bear the death.  
Of that dying Son of thine.

17 Wounded with His every wound,  
Steep my soul till it has swooned  
In His very blood away;

18 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,  
Lest in flames I burn and die  
In His awful judgment day.



8.00